

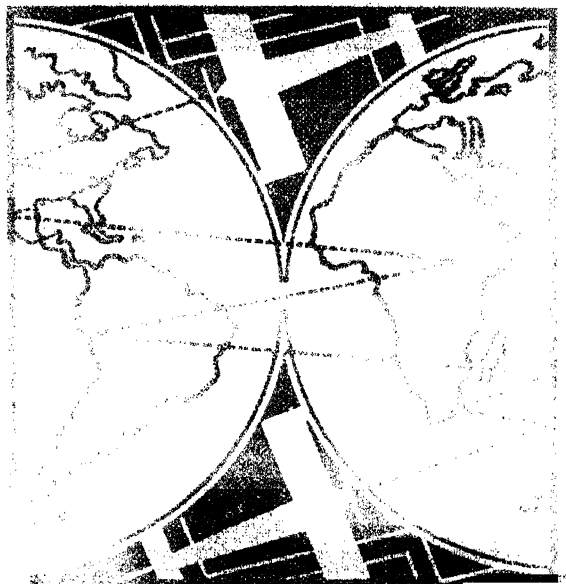
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PREFACE

THIS series of Geography Books owes its origin to a visit of some Staffordshire Headmasters to Denstone College, —a visit organised by Dr. A. Platts, M.A., one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Some of the visitors were interested in the Geography Room and in the School Geography Course, and they were kind enough to express a wish that I should expand my own Geography notes into a series of books covering the Junior School from seven to eleven and the Senior School from the latter age to fifteen.

Books I and II of the Junior Series tell in very simple language stories of other peoples and other lands. They describe the life led by folk who live under differing conditions in many parts of the world.

In addition to distinctive illustrations, photographs of simple models are given. These models were made originally by children working as a class, or in small groups, or as individuals.

In Book III the study of the British Isles starts with the home region. The making of relief maps, the use of

PREFACE

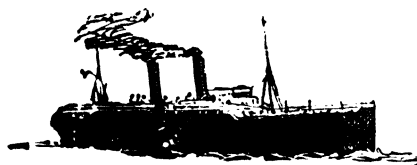
Ordnance maps, simple weather observations, etc., and a continuation of easy practical work, all contribute towards a sound geographical outlook. These principles are continued in Book IV, which describes the World.

The foundations having been laid in the Junior books, the World is treated in the Senior Series, Books V to VIII, on a systematic *Regional Basis*. Though no important area is neglected, yet special attention is paid to the British Empire and to its place in the World.

The present volume is the second book of the series. In this, the ninth impression, the description of one of the older types of lumber camps, given in Chapter III, has been replaced by an account of one of the more modern camps in which the author stayed in 1939. For the handicraft exercises, in connection with the models, I owe a deep debt of gratitude to my friend Mr. A. S. Bright, His Majesty's Inspector for Handicraft, etc., for valuable counsel and suggestions.

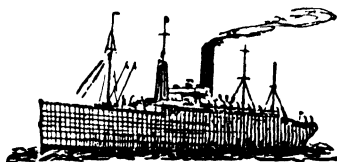
J. H. S.

Oxford,
1941.



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I. PESHAN, THE LAPLAND BOY

§ 1

THE swiftly flowing stream tumbled and danced over the rocks, and then dashed over a tiny waterfall into a jolly little pool.

Here on a bank, overlooking the milky blue waters, sat a boy and a girl. They were both quite quiet, for they were busily engaged in fishing, and it was now almost time for them to return to their home.



A LAPLAND HUT

Suddenly Peshan, for that was the boy's name, felt a pull at his line. As he gave a quick jerk with his wrist, the sudden tug on the line told him that he had hooked a fish.

Sometimes he tightened the line a little, and sometimes he allowed the fish to pull it through his fingers. At last he knew that the fish was tired out, and then, and not till then, he drew it to the bank and lifted it out of the water.

It was a fine trout, and the fifth that he had caught in two hours. On the bank beside his sister there lay three gleaming fish which she had caught.

PESHAN, THE LAPLAND BOY

It was getting late, but it was still broad daylight, for Peshan's home was in the far north, in the land where the sun never sets during the summer months—"The Land of the Midnight Sun."

Brother and sister both looked sadly at the tumbling stream, but it was time for them to go. So, gathering up their catch, they turned and walked across the plain, towards the camp, which lay about a mile away.

Near the camp, a large herd of reindeer were grazing. Outside the tents lay several dogs. The tent in which Peshan and his sister lived with their father and mother, was made of reindeer skin—like most of the tents which belonged to this Lapland tribe. By the door sat their little baby brother. He, like Peshan and most of the other children, had a flat nose and rather thick lips. And the colour of his skin, and his slanting eyes, showed that he probably belonged to the yellow peoples.

The inside of the tent was very smoky. But no one seemed to mind, for they were all used to it. Some of the trout were cooked for supper,

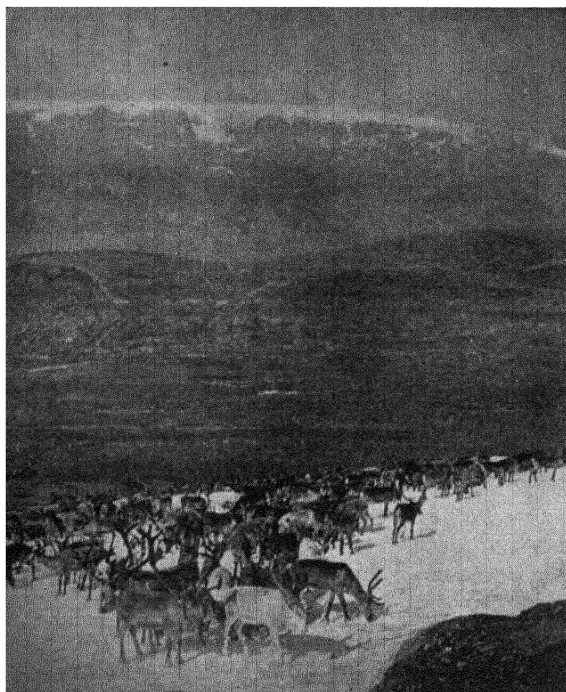


[Photograph by the courtesy of the Norwegian State Kviteseid.]

A LAPLAND FAMILY OUTSIDE THEIR TENT

PESHAN, THE LAPLAND BOY

and there was also a large bowl of reindeer milk as well as some fresh cheese.



[Photograph by Will F. Taylor.]

A HERD OF REINDEER

The herds of reindeer supply the Lapps with nearly everything that they need. Their owners obtain food from them. Their skins are used for clothing, and also for making tents and even the lighter sledges. No wonder the Lapps are fond of their reindeer.

§ 2. *Winter Time in Lapland*

Summer was over. The tribe had been on their present camping ground for six weeks. Now they were ready to leave for their winter home.

PESHAN, THE LAPLAND BOY

Peshan helped his father and the other Lapland men and boys to drive the reindeer along; but his mother and sister each travelled in a sledge drawn by a reindeer.

After three days of easy travelling, the winter quarters were reached.

Here is Peshan's winter home.

It is built of wooden beams and poles, which have been covered with thick overlapping pieces of turf. There is a stout door made of rough but closely fitting boards.

There is a fire in the middle of the hut, and it will be kept alight all through the winter months. The smoke escapes from the hole in the top of the roof. There are no windows. The only entrance is the door.

Everyone is glad to be settled in the winter house. And it is not too soon, for before many days have passed the snow has come.

Across the great plains sweep the icy blasts of wind, and soon everything is covered with a mantle of white.

The days get shorter and shorter, until at last the long winter night sets in.



A REINDEER SLEDGE

How glad everyone must be that they have such warm thick clothes! Their big coats of reindeer skin reach below their knees. Their boots, also made of reindeer skin, come almost up to the top of their legs.

There is no opening in the front of their long tunics, for this would let in the cold. Peshan's tunic, like his father's, is made of reindeer skin, but his mother's and his sister's are made of warm wool.

In winter the Laplanders do not go outside more

PESHAN, THE LAPLAND BOY

than they can help. When they do, they tighten up their belts, in order to press their tunics close against their bodies and so keep out the cold winds.

Still, it is warm inside the huts, and soon the spring will come. Then the land will be bright with flowers. And then Peshan and his sister will be able to live in the open air again as they travel from one pasture to another.

EXERCISES

Find Lapland on your Map of the World.

Write and Learn—

Lapland. Laplander. Sledges. Reindeer supply food, clothing, skins for tents.

Tell—

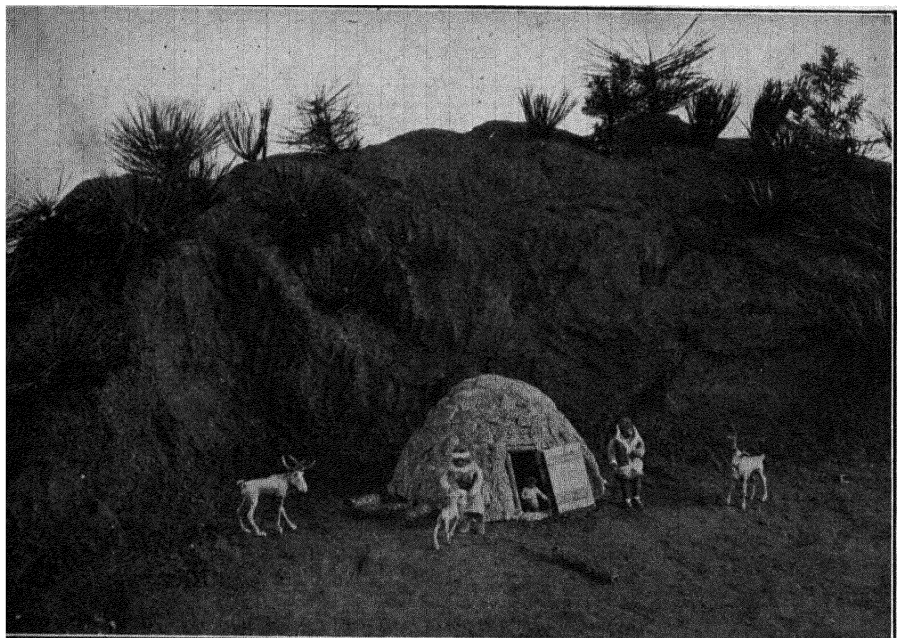
(i). About the way Peshan and his sister live in the summer-time.

(ii). What Peshan's winter home is like.

MODEL

Lapland Winter Home

(1) The framework of the *hut* is thin bent sticks, tied together at the top. They are covered with pieces of turf. Ours was made with separate small pieces of clay, built up and then smoothed over outside. (2) The *door* and its frame were fitted afterwards. (3) Near the top of the hut



at the back is a hole to let the smoke out. You can almost see it in the picture. (4) No big trees grow in this land. It is too cold. There are only stunted bushes. Small tufts of fir tree will do for these.

Mrs. Lapp is feeding the baby reindeer. She has on a coat which comes right down to her knees. It has no buttons to let the cold in, but it pulls over her head. Father Lapp's coat is much the same, only a little shorter.

(5) The *coats* could be made of a piece of rabbit skin, or the lining of a fur glove. (6) The *reindeer* are not very difficult to make in plasticine, if a piece of hairpin wire is put in each leg. (7) The logs are twigs.

II. RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

§ I

THERE is scarcely a sound to be heard, except the running water of the stream and the sighing of the wind as it blows through the pine woods.

Even the animals seem to be asleep.

Just as the sun is setting, an Indian woman comes out of her tent or tepee, which is almost hidden among the pine trees, and she walks down a little track towards the river.



TRAPPERS

She stands quite still on the bank looking up-stream.

Suddenly round the bend in the river swings a long birch-bark canoe. A solitary figure is kneeling in the bow. He paddles to the bank, and beaches the canoe on the little sandy strip where the woman stands.

Jumping out, he hands her his catch of gleaming fish. With scarcely a word she takes it, and returns to the tepee.

The man turns and pulls his canoe farther up

RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

the bank. He is a rather short, dark-haired man, with a pale brown face and very dark eyes.

His name is Raoul, the half-breed hunter. He is descended from a Frenchman, who came to Canada nearly two hundred years ago, and who married the daughter of one of the Red Indian chiefs.



INDIAN WOMAN

His wife, however, whose name is Norkum, is of pure Indian blood.

For some months Raoul has been busy preparing for the trapping season. Norkum too has been hard at work. As well as cooking the food, she cleans and dries the fish which her husband

catches, in order that they may have a good supply during the coming winter months.

Last week Raoul paid a visit to the trading store. He arrived back with some new steel traps, some flour, some salt pork and some tobacco,

RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

Now at last everything is ready. To-morrow the couple will load their canoe with stores, dogs, traps and sledge. Then they will travel towards the spot where they will take the trail for their winter hunting grounds.

Raoul wishes to get to his winter quarters before the great "freeze-up." If he starts now he will, by the time winter has really set in, be settled in his hut. Then he will be secure against the blinding snow-storms and the driving gales that are bound to come sooner or later.



(Photograph by Will F. Taylor.

TRAPPER ON SNOW-SHOES

§ 2. *The Trapper's Winter Home*

The strong log hut lies in a little clearing amidst the pine trees. It has a steep pitched roof, so that much of the snow can slide off.

RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

A strong wind blows from the north. The sky is dark and overcast.

The door of the hut opens and Raoul steps outside. He looks at the sky for a minute or two and then returns to the hut. Turning towards Norkum, who is seated by the fire, he jerks his head towards the door.

"Snow," he says.

She nods, and she gives the fire a poke to stir the smouldering logs into a flame.

Within a few hours, a blinding snowstorm is powdering everything with a mantle of white.

For three days the blizzard continues, until snow, several feet in thickness, covers the ground.

At last it stops, and the sun shines brightly from the sky. The trapping season has begun.

§ 3. *Trailing and Trapping*

Raoul starts off in the early morning a week later, for he is joining a party of Indians and half-breeds who are going on trail for several weeks.

Each man carries a pack on his back and wears broad flat snow-shoes on his feet. These snow-shoes are made rather like tennis-rackets, so that the wearer's feet do not sink into the deep snow.

RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

Bending forward slightly as they go along, the hunters urge on the dogs, harnessed to the sledges, to quicken their pace.

How clever these hunters are at reading the signs left by the animals! They can easily tell the difference between the tracks left by a fox or a lynx, a beaver or a marten.

To-day, however, though the party cover about forty miles, few tracks are seen, and in the late afternoon they prepare to camp for the night.

The men throw off their packs and the dogs are unharnessed. Then some men clear a space for the fire. Others build a barricade to keep out the cold wind, and to protect the stores during the night from the dogs and from prowling animals.

The barricade is made partly from sledges, partly from branches and banked-up snow.

While the dogs eagerly devour their meal of frozen fish, the men are having their supper. Soon they wrap themselves up in their sleeping-bags made



A SLEDGE DOG



[Photograph by Will F. Taylor.

SLEDGE DOGS AT REST

of deerskin. Then, with their feet towards the fire, they curl themselves up and turn in for the night.

Some two weeks later Raoul returned to his cabin with his sledge, loaded with a good number of *pelts*, as the furs are called.

Both he and Norkum had a very busy time for several days cleaning and dressing the furs. Then Raoul set off once more, this time alone, in order to set and bait his traps.

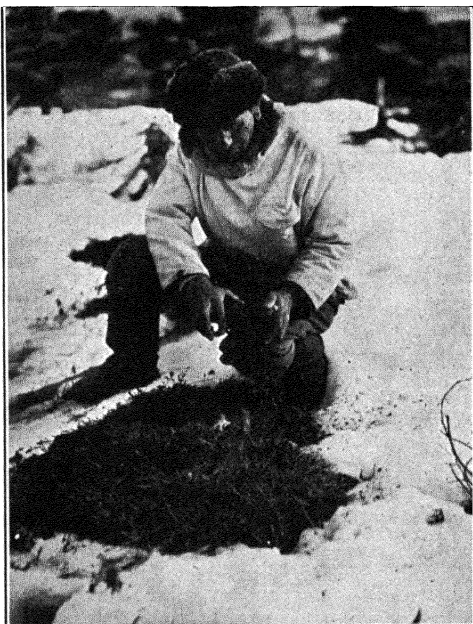
RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

He visits one trap after another, removing the animals and rebaiting the traps. In one a wary fox, and in another a cunning wolf, have both succeeded in taking the bait and avoiding the trap. In some cases the traps have not been touched at all, and some of these Raoul removes to a fresh place. Others he leaves where they are, for he can tell that the animals have been round them.

On his homeward journey he takes a roundabout way, for he does not wish to disturb the animals.

It is after midnight before he reaches home. He unharnesses the hungry wolf-dogs, throws them their supper of fish, and turns in to the cabin.

He too is hungry, and is quite ready for the stew of reindeer meat which Norkum has ready in the large pot over the fire.



[Photograph by Will P. Taylor]
SETTING TRAPS

RAOUL, THE TRAPPER

§ 4. *Selling the Pelts*

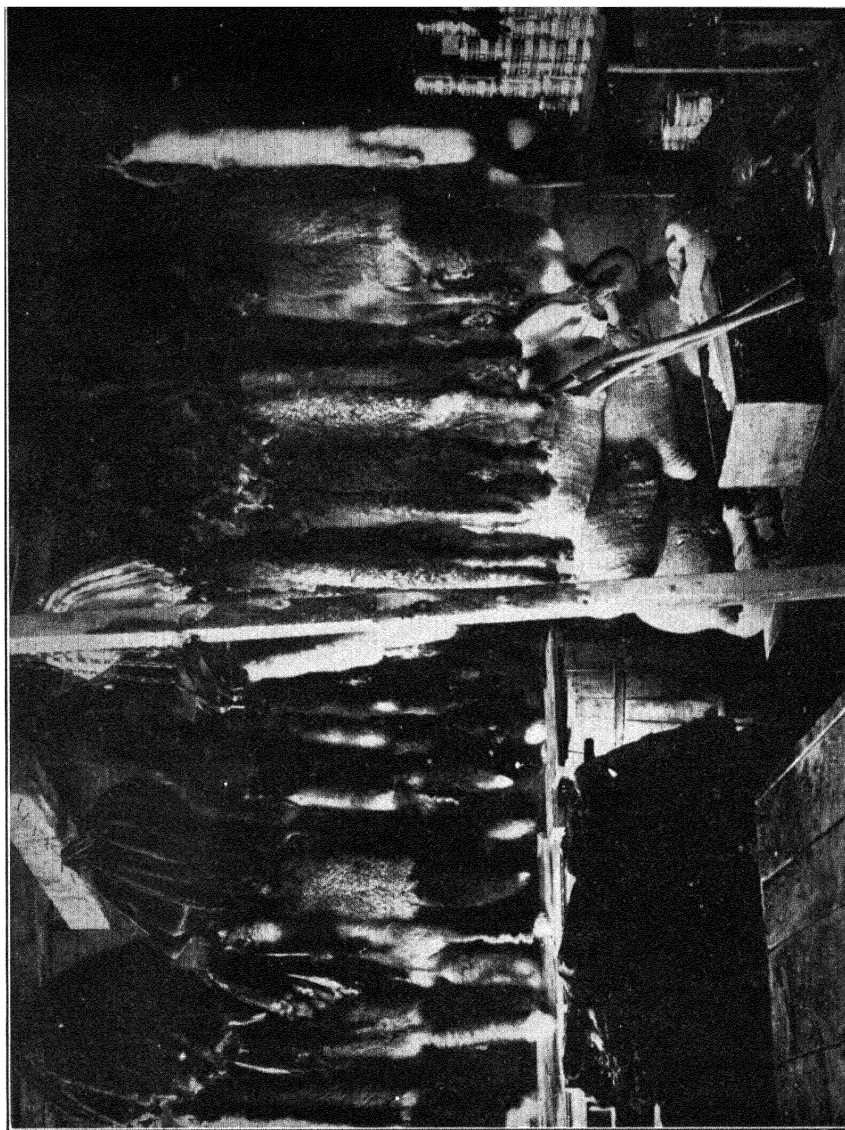
At the first sign of the spring thaw the season finishes, for now the animals lose their thick winter coats and their fur is of little use.

Raoul loads his sledge with his pelts and, together with Norkum, starts on the trail for the *Trading Post*.

He arrives here and counts the furs in his pack before the trader. He has some mink, otter, wolf and a silver fox skin, as well as a large number of musk-rat skins. Though the skins of the musk-rat do not each fetch much money, yet their number repays the trappers for their trouble.

When they have sold their pelts, Raoul and Norkum again take the trail. In a few weeks they will be journeying down the streams to their summer quarters.

The trader sends his skins to one of the great fur markets. As he is an agent for the Hudson Bay Company, he sends some of them to London. But some of the trader's pelts are also sent to the great fur market at Montreal in Canada. Others are sent to the big city of New York in the United States, and to St. Louis on the river Mississippi.



(Photograph by Will F. Taylor.)

INSIDE A TRADING-STORE



[Photograph by the courtesy of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson Bay Company.

TRADING POST

EXERCISES

Find the following places on a map of North America :—
St. Louis, New York, Montreal, Mississippi River.

Write and Learn—

The names of the towns and the river that you have just found on your map.

Red Indian. Tepee (tent). Sledge. Dogs.

Trapping. Fox. Wolf. Lynx. Beaver.

Canada. Hudson Bay Company.

Tell—

How the hunters prepared their camp for the night.

The chief things that Norkum does.

Imagine—

That you have been trailing and trapping, and tell all that you see and do.

III. BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK

§ 1. *Building the Lumber Camp*

DURING the summer Bill, and a party of men, have been busy erecting a lumber camp in the forests of Eastern Canada. Bill, who is the foreman, chose a good site for the camp beside a river.

Now at last the camp is completed. But only just in time, for the ground is already covered with snow, and the rivers have started to freeze. Every day parties of lumber-jacks are arriving at the camp, where, in a few days, the work of felling the trees will begin.

There are three bunk houses, or sleeping cabins, a cook camp, and a hut for the manager and his assistants. There is also a store, where the lumber-jacks can buy clothes, tobacco, chewing-gum, writing paper, and so on. A little apart from the main buildings are the stables and the blacksmith's shop.

All the buildings in the camp are made of wood. They are heated by large stoves in which wood fires are always kept burning, and lighted by oil lamps, hung from the cross-beams. In each bunk house there are two tiers of bunks around the walls. The men use their duffle-bags (kit-bags) for pillows, just as scouts and wolf-cubs often do in camp.

BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK

§ 2. *The Cook Camp*

The cook camp is a large building divided into a kitchen and a dining room. In the kitchen is a big range, a long table, cupboards, and a sink.

Jim, the cook, and his three helpers, are always busy, for they have to cook for a hundred hungry men.

The tables in the dining room are covered with



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada.

DRAWING LOGS FROM CAMP TO WATERWAY

BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK

soft white oilcloth. Each man has an enamel mug, one plate, and a knife, fork and spoon.

There is plenty to eat. The lumber-jacks usually have eggs and bacon, and bread and butter, and jam for breakfast. For dinner there is roast or boiled meat, potatoes, beans, turnips, and stewed prunes, apple pie, or some other pudding. Huge mugs of coffee, without milk, are drunk at every meal.

§ 3. *At Work in the Forest*

After an early breakfast the lumber-jacks set off on horse-drawn sledges. The different gangs drop off at various points on the roads that have been cut through the forest.

Our friend Bill is in charge of one of the gangs. As soon as he has chosen a tree for felling, the axemen cut a notch in the side on which it is to fall. Then, with their cross-cut saws, the sawyers cut right through to the heart of the tree. After a few blows with an axe, the trunk snaps, and the tree topples to the ground. Now the gang lop off the branches and saw the trunk up into various lengths.

In January hauling begins. Horses draw the logs on sledges over the frozen snow to the river, where

BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK

they are piled up ready to be floated down stream when the ice melts in spring.

§ 4. *Spring-time*

Winter comes to an end. Now the most difficult work begins.

Crackings and rumblings give warning that the ice is about to break up. The frozen streams awake from their winter calm. Soon they are rushing and tearing along. The muddy waters leap over the rocks, and they throw about the great logs of pine or spruce or birch as if they were corks.

Great masses of timber are tossed from side to side, swept along, whirled round and round, and then either suddenly carried swiftly forward or perhaps thrown high up on to the bank by the fierce angry waters.

Sometimes one of the logs gets caught on some hidden rock, or others may get held up by rapids or by shallows. When the logs are stopped in this way, it is called a *jam*.

Look at Bill and his companion, for this is just what has happened now. A log is caught. On come the other logs from behind. They leap



[Photographs by J. H. Stenbridge.]

(Above) THE LUMBER CAMP WHERE BILL WORKS. HE LIVES IN THE CABIN ON THE EXTREME LEFT. (Below) A LOG JAM.

BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK



[Photograph by J. H. Stenbridge.]

LOG MOVING UP JACK-LADDER INTO
THE MILL

and spin around as if they were alive. One is thrown on top of those in front of it, and still those behind jump forward on to the others.

Bill darts along the twisting, rolling logs, for his spiked boots enable his feet to get a grip. Behind him runs his companion.

They must free the logs at once. A moment's delay means that they will both be swept beneath the foaming waters.

They reach the log that is causing the jam. With their long hooks they free it. Then they rush back, only just in time to escape the logs as they tear forward on their way downstream.

After a journey of some hundreds of miles from their forest home, the logs reach the mill.

BILL, THE LUMBER-JACK

Here they are dragged up the banks by a machine called a jack-ladder. They are then rolled over until they reach one of the huge round saws.

In a few minutes from the time that they have left the water's edge, these once great trees have been turned into planks, or they have been ground into wood pulp for the making of paper.

EXERCISES

Find on your Map of Canada the home of the Trapper and the Lumbermen.

Collect some more pictures which tell you about lumbering.

Write and Learn—

Forests. Pine. Spruce. Birch. Red cedar.
Lumber-jack. Spiked boots.
Trees. Pulp. Paper.

Tell—

What the lumber-jacks' hut is like.
What Jim, the cook, does. What a *jam* is like.
How the logs are taken to the mill.

MODEL

A Lumber-jack's Hut

The lumber-jack cuts down trees, and moves them to the river so that they can be floated away. They are so



heavy that they can only be moved in winter, when the ground is frozen hard, and they can be moved on sledges.

So this hut has been built for the lumbermen to live in during winter. The real *hut* is made of boards or tree trunks, and yours can be made of twigs in the same way. Nick pieces out where the trunks cross at the corners, so that they will lie flat. If this is too hard the trunks can be made from rolled-up brown paper. These are piled one on another and glued together. The *roof* and the *top* of the front are made from flat pieces of cardboard. The *logs* lying on the ground are real pieces of wood, and the trees behind are bits of real trees.

IV. OLAF OF NORWAY

§ 1

OVER the hard frozen snow glides a tall fair-haired boy. He wears a warm coat of reindeer skin. Each of his boots is fastened to a long narrow piece of wood called a *ski*, and in each hand he grasps a stick between three and four feet long.

One foot is placed slightly in front of the other, and his knees are bent slightly as he speeds down the long slope. How fast he travels! A few minutes ago he was a mere dot on the top of the hill, and now he has almost reached us. Here he is. He leans slightly to one side, gives a sharp turn and suddenly, amidst a whirl of snow, he stops just in front of us.



This is Olaf. He has, like all the boys and girls of Norway, been able to ski almost since the time that he could walk. During the winter months, much of his country is covered with snow, and most of the streams and lakes are frozen. Therefore everyone, both young and old, is a skilful skater and ski-er.

OLAF OF NORWAY

§ 2. *Olaf's Home*

Olaf lives in a large wooden farmhouse, which stands near the head of a little bay opening from a long winding fiord. A *fiord* is a long narrow opening bordered by steep cliffs on either side. There are many of them along the mountainous coasts of Norway.

How beautiful are the tumbling waterfalls as they dash over the edge of the cliffs and fall, by cascades, into the water far beneath! In summer too the rocky sides of the fiords will be gay with flowers, while the sloping branches of the pine trees, now covered with snow, will be dressed with leaves of a much brighter green.

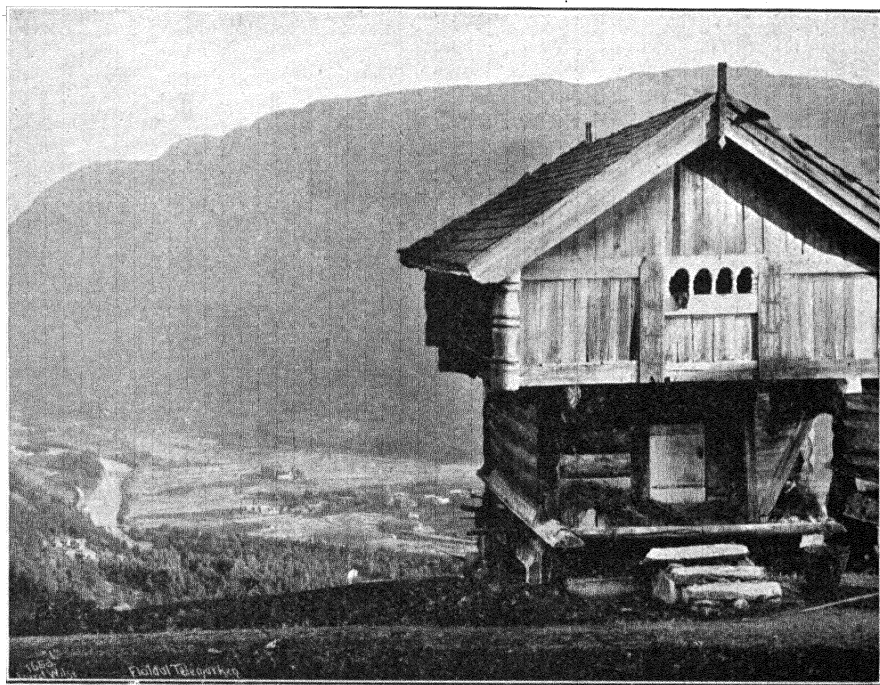
Beneath Olaf's house is a cellar, above which are the living-rooms. We knock the snow off our boots and enter the kitchen. Olaf's mother and sister, Andrea, are busy making *flad-bröd*, as the bread of Norway is called. It is very different from our loaves, and consists of large, very thin, round cakes. A good deal is made at a time, for it will keep for several months.

On the hearth of the big stone fireplace a fine

OLAF OF NORWAY

yet another building. Here the animals are housed in the winter, and the ploughs and other things used on the farm are kept during the cold weather.

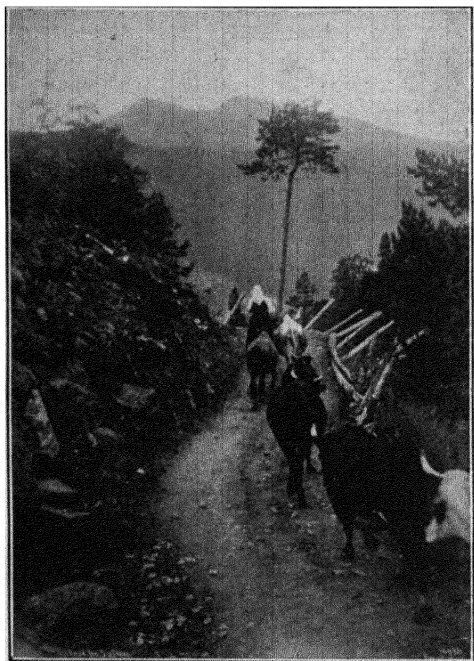
The *stabbur*, or storehouse, is the only other important place. It stands on stones several feet above the ground, and in it are kept food and other



[Photograph by courtesy of the Norwegian State Railways.]

THE STABBUR, OR STOREHOUSE

OLAF OF NORWAY



[Photograph by courtesy of the Norwegian State Railways.]

DRIVING CATTLE TO THE MOUNTAIN
PASTURES

goods which are not wanted in the farmhouse for the time being.

There is very little flat land around the farm, and the fields are small. To-day they lie under a thick carpet of snow. It is too cold and too damp for wheat to be grown in Norway. But Olaf tells us that, in the spring, crops of rye and oats will be sown and potatoes planted.

§ 3. *How Andrea Spends her Summer*

As soon as summer begins, the cattle are driven to the pastures high up in the mountains. Sometimes it takes several days to reach these high grass-lands, for it would not be a good thing to hurry the cattle. How glad the cows must be

OLAF OF NORWAY

to get out on to the grass, after having been shut up for most of the winter !

Andrea spends most of the summer months in these upland districts. She lives with two girl friends and an old woman in a simple stone hut called a *saeter*. They are all very busy. There are the sturdy little cows to be milked twice each day, and the butter and cheese to make.

In the mountain meadows some of the grass has been allowed to grow, so that it may be turned into hay for the winter months. All the girls are pleased to see Andrea's father and a couple of men when they come up to cut the grass, for very few people visit the *saeter*. The grass is spread out on the top of a framework of sticks in order that it may dry quickly. Every scrap of hay is gathered up, for there is not much grass in Norway, and hay is a very valuable crop.

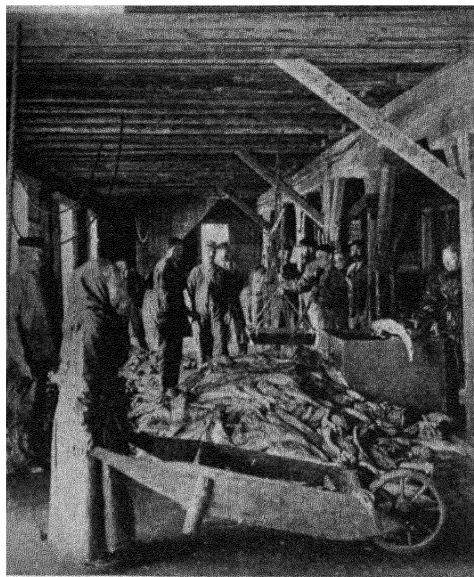
§ 4. *The Land of the Midnight Sun*

Where had Olaf been during the summer months ? Early in April he sailed away in his uncle's boat, the *Freya*, down the long winding fiord and out to the open sea. Northward they sailed, past many

OLAF OF NORWAY

little islands and by many steep fiords. Above the fiords they could see peaks covered with snow.

As they sped along, they sighted other fishing boats also sailing or steaming northward. Some, like Olaf's uncle, were going to fish for cod, while others were herring boats.



(Photograph by Will F. Taylor.

NORWEGIAN FISH WAREHOUSE

At last the ship arrived off the Lofoten Islands and fishing began. The season was a good one. The long fishing lines were baited with herrings. Day after day the lines were dropped overboard, only to be pulled up later with their load of cod.

It was early in May when the *Freya* made for Hammerfest. Behind the beautiful harbour rose up mountains, whose higher parts were still covered with snow, though the lower slopes were green. The sheltered nooks were bright with flowers.

OLAF OF NORWAY

It was late in the evening when the ship entered the harbour. But it was still broad daylight, for at Hammerfest the sun does not set for nearly three months during the summer.

In the harbour itself were crowds of boats, hung with lines of drying cod. Along the quays were long rows of wooden warehouses. In some of these herrings were cleaned and packed, while in others cod-liver oil was extracted from the liver of the cod.



[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]

A LITTLE NORWEGIAN GIRL ON SKIS

On some days a whaling or a sealing ship would arrive from the cold seas still farther north. Every day was a busy one. People got up very early and went to bed late, but all in daylight. Though Olaf was used to the long summer days of his own home, yet

OLAF OF NORWAY

he had never before been to a place where there was no darkness at all.

At last, at the end of July, Olaf's uncle said that it was time to return home. Soon winter, with its long dark nights and its intense cold, would arrive.

Home again !

Andrea too had returned from the *saeter*. How pleased she was to see Olaf once more ! As they oiled their skis ready for the winter snow, she was never tired of listening to Olaf's stories of Hammerfest and the " Land of the Midnight Sun."

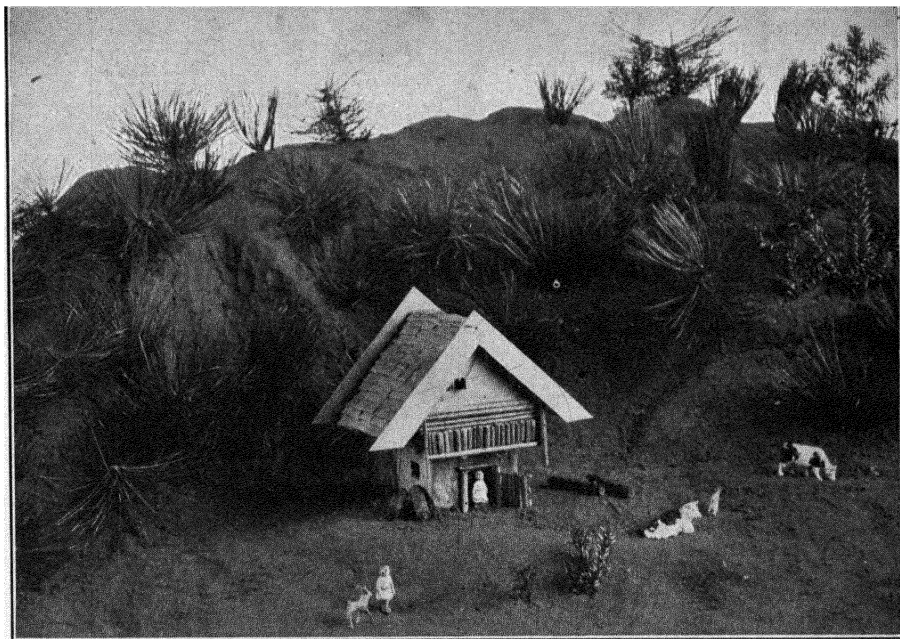
MODEL

A Summer Mountain Hut of Norway

In the spring the snow on the mountains begins to melt. Then the cattle are taken out of their stalls. They go up into the mountains to the fresh pastures, which begin to grow as soon as the snow has gone. The cows are so pleased to get up there.

This is a model of the house where Andrea lives in the summer. She goes up with the cattle. She has with her two of her girl friends and an old woman. You can see a model of Andrea with her little goat and the old woman standing in the doorway.

The house is really made of rough tree trunks. But ours



is made of cardboard. On the cardboard, pieces of split rough wood are stuck with glue, as in the picture. The roof is thatched with pine needles sewn on. The house is then stuck together. The logs are real twigs. The cows can be made of plasticine.

EXERCISES

Find Norway on your Map of the World.

Write and Learn—

Norway. Fiords. Mountains. Forests. Fishing.

Tell—

How Andrea spends the summer.

About Olaf's visit to Hammerfest.

What you know about the stabbur and the saeter.

V. HANS OF HOLLAND

§ 1

TWO boys, Hans and Pieter, lay on the top of a high bank which overlooked a flat sandy shore. Away across the water they could see the brown sails of the fishing boats returning with their catch.



Both boys were dressed in short double-breasted coats, and wide, baggy, much-patched trousers. On their feet they wore wooden clogs or “klompers,” as they would have called them.

The bank or *dyke* on which they lay was only one of the many which had been made to defend their country, Holland, from the sea. Looking inland, one saw a flat land crossed by these dykes and cut up by many canals.

At one time much of the land that lay below the dykes was marshy, but now most of it has been drained. These drained lands are called *polders*. The water from the *polders* is pumped into the canals, which carry it away to the sea.

Pieter's father owns that fine windmill which stands on the top of the dyke. How bright it



DUTCH DOG-CART

[Photograph by Will F. Taylor.]

§ 3. *The Farm*

Here we are at the farm. Notice the sturdy little black-and-white cows in the fields. They have just been milked. Even the cowsheds are spotless. On the floor is clean sand, and the walls of the sheds are tiled.

There are some churns full of rich milk in that

HANS OF HOLLAND

light cart drawn by a big dog. By it stands Hans's mother. She is just going to take the afternoon milk round to her customers. It seems strange to us to see dogs pulling a cart in this way, but it is quite a common sight in Holland and some other countries in Europe.

Hans's father and big brother are just loading some big round cheeses on to a barge. They are going to be taken to the cheese market, where they will be sold to-morrow morning. Though much of the cheese in Holland is now made in factories, Hans's father still makes his cheese on the farm.

Hans and Pieter tell us that we should return to Holland in the winter-time, for then all the canals are frozen over. The ice is thick and strong. Everyone skates.

The market-women skate to market with their baskets balanced on their heads. The boys and girls skate to school. Even the horses, which draw the sledges, have their hoofs spiked so that they can run along on the ice.



[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]

DUTCH TOWN IN WINTER

EXERCISES

Find Holland on your Map of the World.

Try and get some more pictures about Holland for your scrap book.

Write and learn—

Holland. Dykes. Canals. Windmills. Polders. Tulips.

Tell—

What Pieter's home is like.

What you know of a Dutch windmill.

Make—

A drawing of a Dutch boy *or* a Dutch girl.

VI. BRUNO OF ITALY

§ 1

THERE are beautiful lakes in North Italy. Rising above the greenish waters of one of the lakes is an island. It is less than half a mile long and not more than a quarter of a mile wide. Yet it has been for hundreds of years the home of sturdy fisher-folk, and so it is called the Isle of the Fishermen.



There is a tiny pier. Here the steamboats, which ply to and fro on the lake, call several times during the day. But each family has a boat of its own, for nearly all the people are fisher-folk, like their grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them.

How quaint-looking these fishing boats are! Though they are strong and broad, yet they are not very long. And they are usually covered with a framework, upon which is stretched a brown canvas covering.

One of these boats has been drawn up on the sandy strip of beach. On the edge of the boat sits a boy, who is busy mending an oar.

BRUNO OF ITALY

Bruno is his name. Like most Italian boys, he has a dark olive-coloured skin and straight black hair. He pauses from time to time, and looks across the lake at the fishing boats returning home over the water.

On they come.

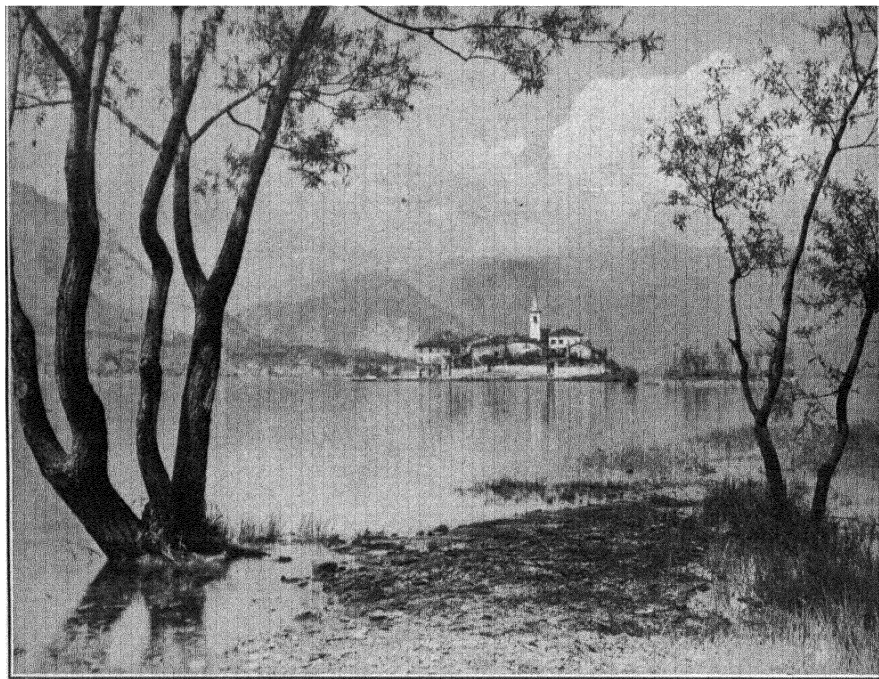
One boat is well ahead of the others. Bruno watches it, and then suddenly he throws down his oar and runs to the edge of the water.

Yes! It is his father's boat. This boat is one of the best, and Bruno's father is one of the best fishermen in the whole of the island.

After Bruno has helped his father and his elder brother to beach the boat, they all three make their way home.

They pass under a broad archway and walk up one of the steep, narrow, cobbled passages. Soon they are in the main street of the village. This street, which runs from one end of the island to the other, is paved with rounded cobble stones. The thunder-storms of summer and the rains of winter cannot wash away these stones as they might wash away gravel or smaller stones.

The white-walled houses standing on either



[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]
THE ISLE OF THE FISHERMEN

side of the narrow street are several storeys high. There is not much ground to spare on the island, so the houses, like those in most Italian villages, are built high and narrow, instead of broad and low.

§ 2. *Bruno's Home*

Our friends pass into a little courtyard. Along one of the walls bundles of wood are piled. On

BRUNO OF ITALY

the opposite wall some fishing-nets are hanging. In the far corner, near a large copper, there are half a dozen oars and some long sticks.

A flight of stone steps leads up to the living-room of Bruno's home. It is a long room. On one side there is a large stone fireplace, and above this the copper pots and pans shine brightly. The fire burns on the open hearth. Over it hangs a large pot in which the stew is being cooked for the evening meal.

The long wooden table is set for the meal, and as soon as Bruno's father is ready everyone sits down.

While Bruno's mother dishes out the macaroni, his father pours out the red wine. A stew called *minestrone* forms the next course. It is made chiefly of vegetables, and everyone has a large helping. Then there is a salad which is mixed with plenty of olive oil. There is also a dish of fat green figs, of which Bruno's little sister, Maria, is very fond.

The evening meal is over. Bruno walks along to the little square in front of the church, for this is where he usually meets his friend Pietro.

BRUNO OF ITALY

In the garden of the village inn, which overlooks the lake, someone is playing a merry dance tune. The two boys walk towards the inn, and sit for a time on the steps that lead down from the garden to the little stone landing-stage.

But it is getting late, and here comes Bruno's father. So off they scamper, for they know that it is time that they were both at home and in bed.

§ 3. *Out with the Fishing Boats*

Both boys get up early next morning, for they are going out with the fishing boats. It is scarcely light when Bruno's father sets out in his boat across the lake

The nets are hauled up as they go along, and the fish are taken on board. How they gleam as they are drawn up out of the water! To-day the catch is a good one. There are a large number of the big lake trout, and these will fetch a big price when they are sent to the market.

About half-past seven the boats return to the little harbour. Then the fish are cleaned. The nets are hung up on long lines in order that they may dry in the sun.

BRUNO OF ITALY

Bruno helps his father to hang up the nets, and then he goes home for his breakfast. It is quite a simple meal. His mother has just finished milking the goat when he arrives. Now she is pouring some of the milk into a large pan which she places on the fire. It is soon warm, and she pours out a large cup of hot coffee and milk for Bruno and hands him a big piece of black bread. He dips his bread in the coffee, for he does not have any butter or jam with it.

Bruno hurries over his breakfast. Then, saying good-bye to his mother, he goes down to the shore, for he is going across the lake to visit his uncle, who lives in a little village some five miles away across the water. He pushes his light boat into the water, and jumping in, he takes his oars and pulls away.

§ 4. *The Lakeside Village and the Vineyard*

In just over an hour Bruno reaches the village where his uncle lives. From the water the houses almost look as if they were trying to climb up the steep hillside to the square-towered church which stands high up, on a terrace, far above them.



Photograph by Will F. Taylor.

ITALIAN BULLOCK WAGGON

Along a narrow dusty road a team of bullocks is drawing a heavy waggon. In it are blocks of stone, which they have fetched from a quarry by the lake-side.

Bruno ties up his boat at a little landing-stage where an old woman is washing some clothes. She is kneeling down by the lake and scrubbing the clothes upon a board. Bruno climbs up several flights of steps until he arrives, at last, at his uncle's house.

He knocks. There is no answer. A young

BRUNO OF ITALY

girl is sitting in a doorway near by, knitting lace. She tells him that the whole family have gone to work in their vineyard just outside the village.

So Bruno walks along the village street and then along a winding lane until he comes to the vineyard. It lies on the hillside, which has been cut into terraces. Each terrace is about three feet wide, and rises some two or three feet above the next. The vines themselves have been cut and trimmed until they are only about four feet high.

Bruno's uncle is busy pruning the vines, while his aunt and his two cousins are tying them up. There is always a good deal to do in the vineyard. The vines have often to be trimmed. They also have to be sprayed to protect them from "blight" and from the attacks of insects.

It is now June. Bruno is looking forward to the end of September. Then he and his father and big brother will all come to help his uncle to gather the grapes, ready for the time when they will be pressed for making wine.

About midday everyone stops work. They go and sit under the spreading trees in a sheltered corner near the vineyard.

BRUNO OF ITALY

Here they eat their meal and rest for a time, for it is very hot and the air is close and sultry.

It is late afternoon when Bruno says good-bye. He hurries down to his boat. Dark clouds warn him that, if he is not quick, he will probably be caught in one of the terrific thunder-storms that often break over the lake during the summer-time.

He rows hard, and arrives home just in time to escape the storm. He has scarcely reached the house when there is a blinding flash of lightning and then a loud peal of thunder sounds over the mountains, and echoes round the lake.

Then comes the rain—rain so heavy that it blots out everything from view. Hail beats down upon the houses, and lashes the water of the lake.

As Bruno sits down to eat the brown fish which his mother has fried for him in olive oil, he feels very glad that he got back in time to escape the storm.

EXERCISES

Find Italy on a Map of Europe.

Collect some pictures which tell about life in Italy and in other lands which border the Mediterranean Sea.



[Photograph by courtesy of M. D. Lamberti Isola Pescatori.]

THE ISLE OF THE FISHERMEN

Write and learn—

Italy. Vineyards. Terraces.

Bullock carts.

Salad. Olive oil. Macaroni.

Tell—

What you know of the Isle of the Fishermen.

What Bruno and his family had for their meals.

About the vineyard.

Make—

A drawing of one of the fishing boats.

VII. ALI OF EGYPT

§ 1

IT is early morning. Overhead the sun shines down from an almost cloudless blue sky, bathing the land in golden light.

Across the plain, dotted with trees, flows the river Nile. Upon its reddish-brown waters may be seen the tall masts and brown sails of some native boats.



Many canals cross the sandy plain. The water is lifted up to them from the river by means of big water-wheels.

A young peasant whose name is Abdul is working in a field close to the river. He is guiding a wooden plough, drawn by an ox.

Sitting on the bank of the canal are his younger brother Ali and his little sister Fatima. Ali is just off to school, but little Fatima will stay with her big brother in the field.

§ 2. *On the Way to the School*

Ali joins some other boys who are also going towards the village. It stands on a slight rise

ALI OF EGYPT

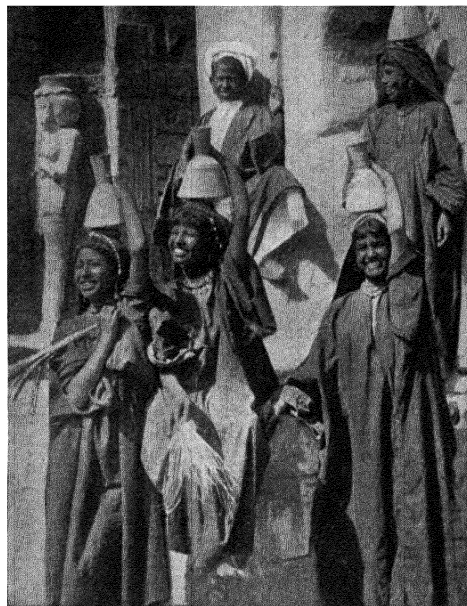
among groves of feathery palm trees. Above the flat roofs of the houses can be seen the big white dome of the *mosque* or church.

To-day is market day, and crowds of people are moving along the same way.

Many of the women are carrying either pitchers or bundles on their heads. By their sides run jolly black-haired, brown-faced boys and girls.

The men wear loose flowing robes. Some of them are leading camels; others are riding on donkeys, or driving flocks of sheep and goats to the market.

As they pass through the gate into the village, the boys see some women sitting on the ground churning butter. But what a funny churn! It is made of a goat's skin which has been sewn



[Photograph by Will F. Taylor.

EGYPTIAN GIRLS

ALI OF EGYPT



[Photograph by Will F. Taylor.]

EGYPTIAN WOMEN CHURNING BUTTER

up to make a bag. The churn hangs from a tripod or three-legged stand, and is being gently swung from side to side in order to turn the cream into butter. This takes quite a long time to do.

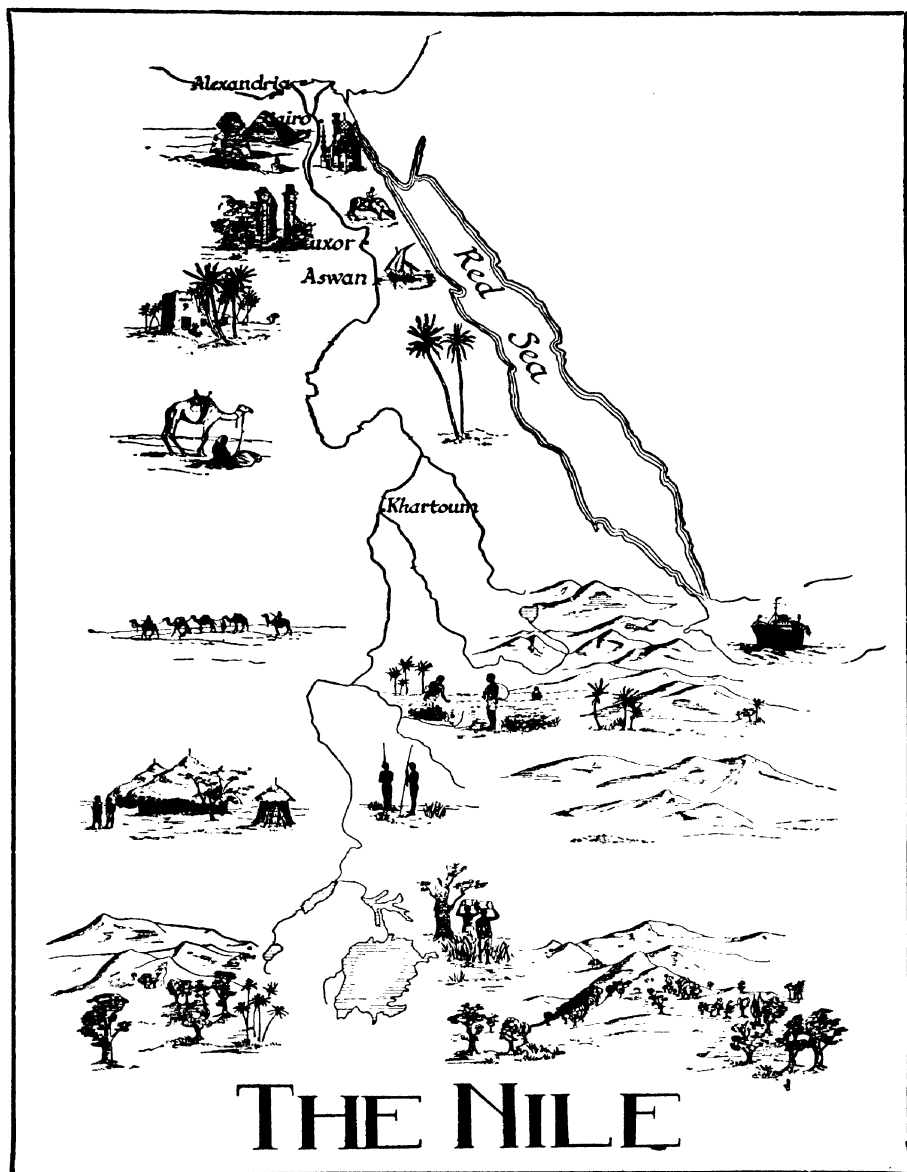
The boys make their way under the big archway that leads to the courtyard in front of the mosque.

This is where the school is held. All the pupils sit on the floor in a circle round their master. They spend most of their time learning by heart long pieces out of their sacred book, called the Koran.

§ 3. *Ali goes Home*

School is over for the day.

How glad Ali is, and how happy he looks as he walks along munching a piece of sugar-cane!



ALI OF EGYPT

Their waters feed our river, which flows to the great Sea, called the Mediterranean.

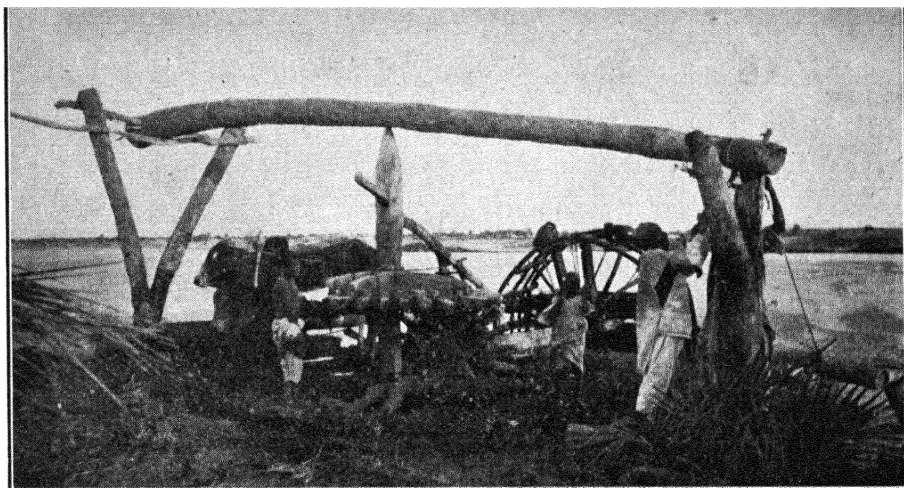
“In May and June there are heavy rains on the far-off mountains, and down their steep sides torrents of muddy water rush towards the valleys below. Down these winding valleys the mountain streams carry their waters onward until they reach the great river. Thus all these waters cause the stream to rise, and gradually the great flood moves onward to the sea.

“So this is why, each year, the waters rise, and why, my sister, they will soon begin to fall again. But they will leave behind them on the fields plenty of rich mud. Then we shall be able to plant therein our rice and our maize.

“And that is why,” says he, waving his hand towards the far distance, “that is why our land is said to be ‘The Gift of the Nile.’ That is also why those miserable lands, which lie beyond the reach of the life-giving waters, are hot and sandy wastes.”

Fatima claps her hands.

She loves to wade in the muddy fields and to help her mother plant out the tiny little rice plants.



[Photograph by courtesy of the Sudan Government Railways]

A WATER-WHEEL ON THE NILE

§ 5. *Round the Water-wheel*

It was late in the afternoon, and the air was much cooler. Ali ran along to the outskirts of the village, for he knew that he would find some of his friends there.

There they are sitting round the water-wheel.

Round and round tramps the buffalo as he works the wheel. On his back is a tiny boy. He waves his stick to Ali, who throws him a piece of his sugar-cane.

The buffalo tramps on, and the old-fashioned water-wheel creaks on too, just as the water-wheels of Egypt have done for thousands of years.

ALI OF EGYPT

Creaking and splashing, these wheels still help to raise the water from the Nile into the canals. And without the Nile waters Egypt would be a desert.

EXERCISES

Find Egypt on your Map of the World.

Write and Learn—

Egypt. Nile. Mediterranean.

Goat. Milk. Cheese. School. Koran. Water-wheel.

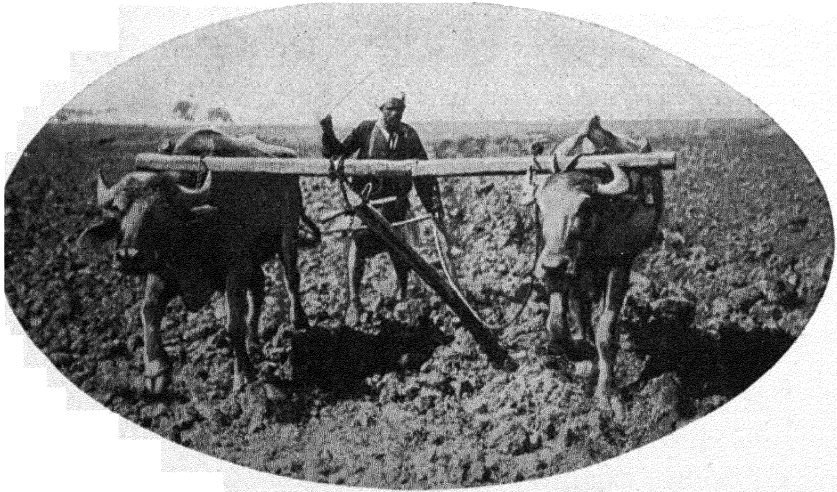
Buffalo.

Tell—

About the school.

What you know about Fatima.

Why Egypt is called “The Gift of the Nile.”



(Photograph by James's Press Agency)

AN EGYPTIAN OX-PLOUGH

VIII. SAMBO OF THE COTTON-FIELDS

§ 1

SAMBO is a small woolly-haired black boy. He lives in the south of that big country which is called the United States of America.

A long time ago a great many black people were brought from their homes in Africa and sold as slaves in America. Their descendants were slaves also.

At last, however, the American slaves were set free. Most of them made their homes in the warm southern lands where Sambo now lives with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. His great-grandmother had been a slave on the very farm that is now his home.



All around, fields of *cotton* stretch away for many hundreds of miles, as far as the sea on the south and on the east, and towards the dry grass lands on the west.

The short winters are not very cold, and the long summers are hot and sunny. Warm winds blow over the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of

SAMBO OF THE COTTON-FIELDS

Mexico, and they bring plenty of rain during the early part of the summer.

There are usually few frosts after February. The cotton seeds are generally sown at the end of this month or at the beginning of March. In a week or two the little plants peep out of the ground, and soon, when they are about four or five inches high, they are ready to be thinned out.

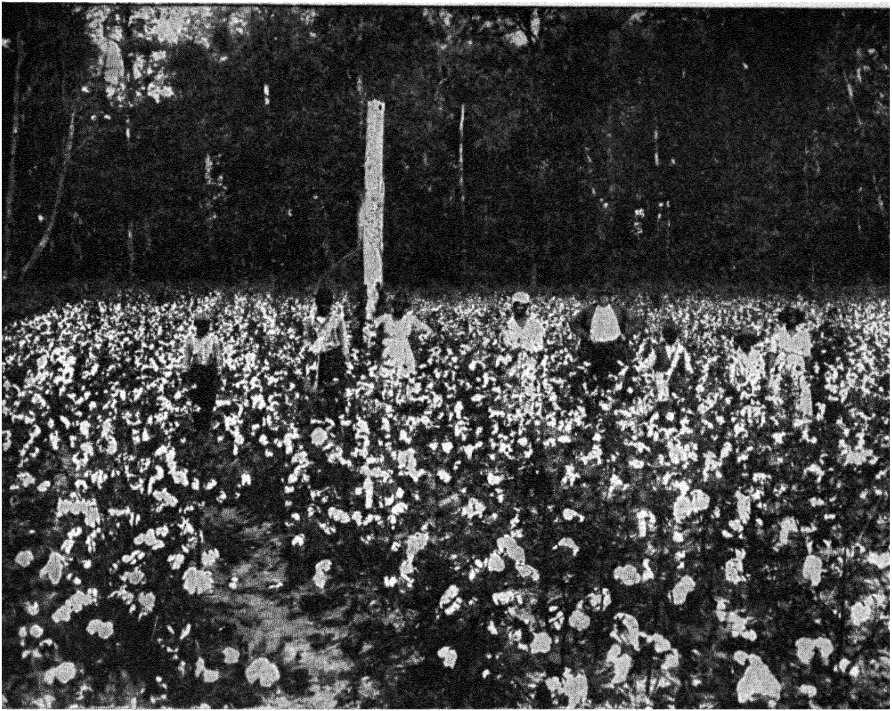
For some five or six weeks, Sambo has been waiting for the flowers to appear. At first the petals are white or yellow, but they soon change their colour to a beautiful pink, and this in its turn becomes a dark red colour.

Soon these petals fall away, leaving behind them a kind of pod or *boll*, about the size of a hazel nut.

This boll grows bigger and bigger until one day it bursts, and out pops a fluffy ball of cotton fibre or *lint*.

§ 2. *Picking the Cotton*

Sambo jumped up quickly. His brothers and sisters had got up and gone out more than an hour ago with their father and mother. It was a



[Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N.Y.]
A COTTON PLANTATION IN THE UNITED STATES

busy time just now, as cotton picking had begun. Sambo, however, was the youngest piccaninny, and he was rather spoilt by the whole family.

But it really was late this morning, and the little black boy ran off at a scamper into the fields where everybody was busy working.

What a beautiful sight it was !

Row upon row of sturdy shrubs, between three

SAMBO OF THE COTTON-FIELDS



Photograph by James's Press Agency.

A PICCANINNY IN THE COTTON-FIELDS

and four feet high, stretched right away into the distance. Some were still bearing the green bolls, but most of them now had beautiful white fluffy balls of cotton-lint which gleamed brightly in the sunshine.

There is Sambo's mother. How jolly she looks! She laughs as she sees Sambo, and as he runs up to her, she bends down and

gives him a big kiss on either cheek.

She is clad in a blue and white dress, and has an orange handkerchief twisted around her head. A long brown canvas bag, fastened to her waist, drags on the ground behind her as she moves along between the rows of cotton plants.

She works with both hands at once. Thrusting

SAMBO OF THE COTTON-FIELDS

her fingers and thumb into the boll, she gives a twist with her wrist and out comes the fluffy lint.

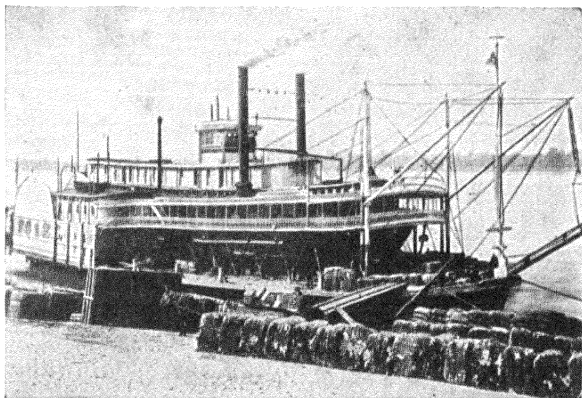
She pulls the lint off several bolls before she pushes it into her long bag.

The picking is done entirely by black folk. They are all very busy and happy.

§ 3. *Sambo goes for a Ride*

Hallo! There is Sambo's big brother driving a motor lorry. He is just starting off with a load of cotton. Sambo catches sight of him. He gives a yell and, rushing after him, just manages to scramble on to the lorry as it starts off.

The cotton is being taken to the factory, where the brown cotton seeds will be separated from the lint by means of a machine called a *gin*. This machine has steel teeth which pull the cotton through slits, and



MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT LOADING COTTON

SAMBO OF THE COTTON-FIELDS

these slits are so narrow that they will not allow the seeds to pass through.

The seeds are crushed, and their oil is used to make margarine, and oil cake for fattening cattle.

Look at the cotton being pressed into bales. Each of these bales is packed in sacking and fastened round with iron bands.

One day, Sambo tells us, he is going down with some of the bales to New Orleans. His uncle works on one of the big boats that take the cotton down the Mississippi to this great port, and he has promised to take Sambo with him.

He has told him about the big steamers that take the cotton each autumn to Liverpool. Sambo thinks that one day he too would like to be a sailor.

EXERCISES

Find the United States on your map.

Write and Learn—

America. New Orleans. Mississippi.

Cotton. Boll. Lint. Gin.

Tell—

Some of the useful things that we obtain from the cotton plant.

Make—

A drawing of Sambo.

IX. KWESI OF THE LAND OF COCOA TREES

§ 1

IN a clearing beside a slowly flowing river, which winds through the hot damp forests, there stand several huts. They are built high up on tree trunks in order to raise them above the marshy lands that border the stream.

A black woolly-haired man and his wife have just climbed down the swinging ladder which hangs from the broad platform in front of one of the huts. The man's name is Kwesi (pronounced Kway-se). He wears a white cotton cloth, which is fastened over one shoulder and hangs down to his knees. His wife, whose name is Awirehu (Ah-we-ray-hu), is dressed in a loose blue-and-white robe. Soon the couple are lost to view along the path that leads to the cocoa plantation.

In about five minutes time three sturdy boys come scrambling down the ladder. Kwofi (Kwo-fe), the eldest, has a loin-cloth round his waist, but each of his younger brothers wears nothing



KWESI OF THE LAND OF COCOA TREES

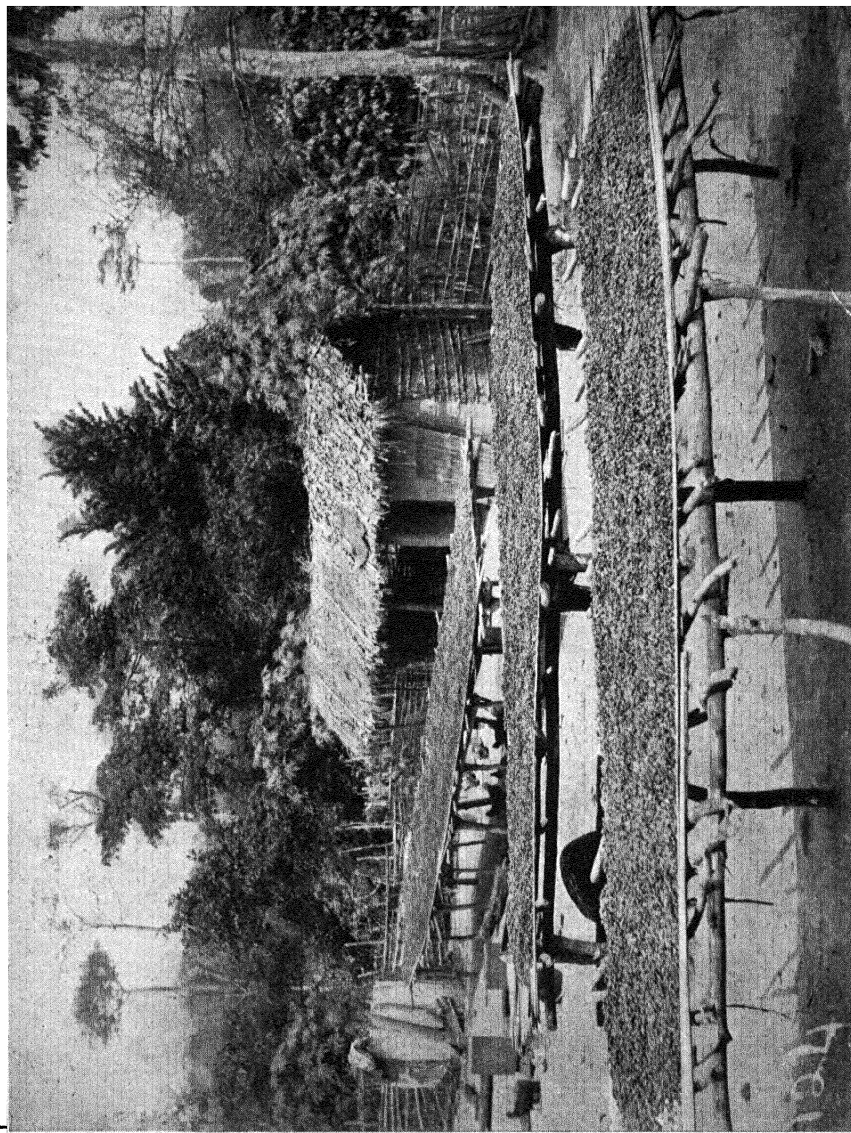
except a string of beads. The boys scamper along the woodland path and reach their father and mother just as they arrive at the plantation.

Other black-skinned folk are arriving, and soon everyone is at work. How shady it is under the interwoven branches of the cocoa trees! The leafy roof prevents the hot rays of the sun from reaching the ground beneath the trees, and this helps to keep it free from weeds.

The cocoa trees are between twenty and thirty feet high, and the leaves are between a foot and eighteen inches long. On some of the tree trunks are little pink and yellow flowers, on others are large ripe yellow pods.

Kwesi is in charge of a band of men who are busy picking the ripe pods. Some of the men nip the pods from their slender stalks with their fingers, while others cut them with a knife.

Kwofi and the boys gather up the pods into heaps ready for the women, who throw them into round wicker baskets. After dinner everyone has a rest, for it is very hot. Later, when it is a little cooler, each person takes a basket loaded with golden cocoa pods. Placing it upon their



[Photograph by courtesy of the Gold Coast Commercial Intelligence Bureau.]

· DRYING COCOA BEANS

KWESI OF THE LAND OF COCOA TREES

heads they walk in single file along a narrow path which winds away through overhanging trees.

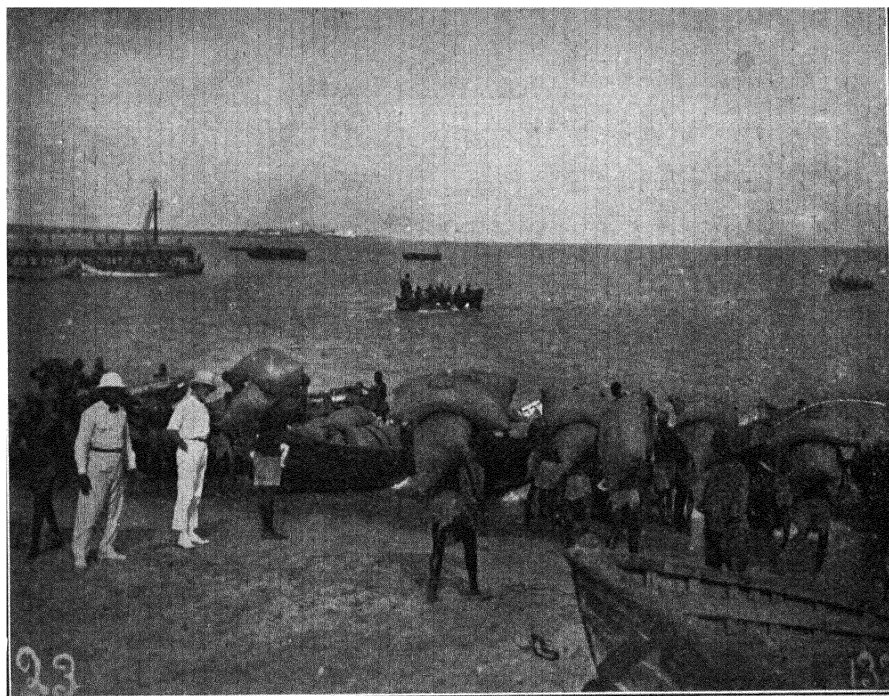
At last they reach a clearing. Around it, on three sides, are mud huts thatched with broad palm leaves. In the middle of the open space between the huts is a group of men, women and children, who are surrounded by heaps of cocoa pods. They are just finishing their work for the day. So when the new arrivals have emptied their baskets, they too stop work and make their way to their homes.

§ 2. *Drying and Packing the Beans*

Early next morning, when the air is still fairly cool, Kwesi and his family return to the clearing where the beans are being prepared.

What a busy scene! Pile upon pile of golden cocoa pods are heaped up in the middle of the clearing between the huts. Kwesi joins the men who are opening the pods with their knives. Inside each pod are about forty beans lying in a bed of sticky white pulp. Awirehu works with the women and children, who separate the beans from the pulpy mass.

In another part of the ground heaps of beans



[Photograph by courtesy of the Gold Coast Commercial Intelligence Bureau.]

LOADING COCOA BEANS AT ACCRA

are piled up on broad plantain leaves. Each heap is also covered with leaves. They are left for about a week, and during this time the beans are turned over every one or two days.

On one side of the ground are rough tables covered with grass mats. On these mats beans are being dried in the hot sun. Close by men are placing the dried beans in sacks.

KWESI OF THE LAND OF COCOA TREES

Ah! there is Kwofi with a sack of beans upon his head. He is following that long line of men and boys who are carrying the beans to the trader's store. When they reach the store, each man takes his beans to be weighed. In another shed men are packing the beans in stout bags. After they have been sewn up the bags are carried to the train, for the store is close to the station.

Before he returns home Kwofi goes to the station to see the train start for *Accra*. Some months ago he went to this busy port, which is the capital of the *Gold Coast*. In the crowded streets he saw the motor lorries rushing to and fro with their bags of cocoa beans.

But to-day it is getting late and he must hurry home. Soon the sun will sink behind the horizon. Then suddenly, almost without warning, the night will come, and Kwofi does not wish to walk in darkness along the winding forest paths.

EXERCISES

Find the Gold Coast on your map of the world.

Try to get some cocoa beans. It is from the powder of these beans, mixed with sugar, that *chocolate* is made.

KWESI OF THE LAND OF COCOA TREES

Write and Learn—

Africa. Gold Coast. Accra.

Cocoa. Pods. Beans. Plantain leaves.

Tell—

How Kwesi and his family are dressed.

What the black folk do in the plantation.

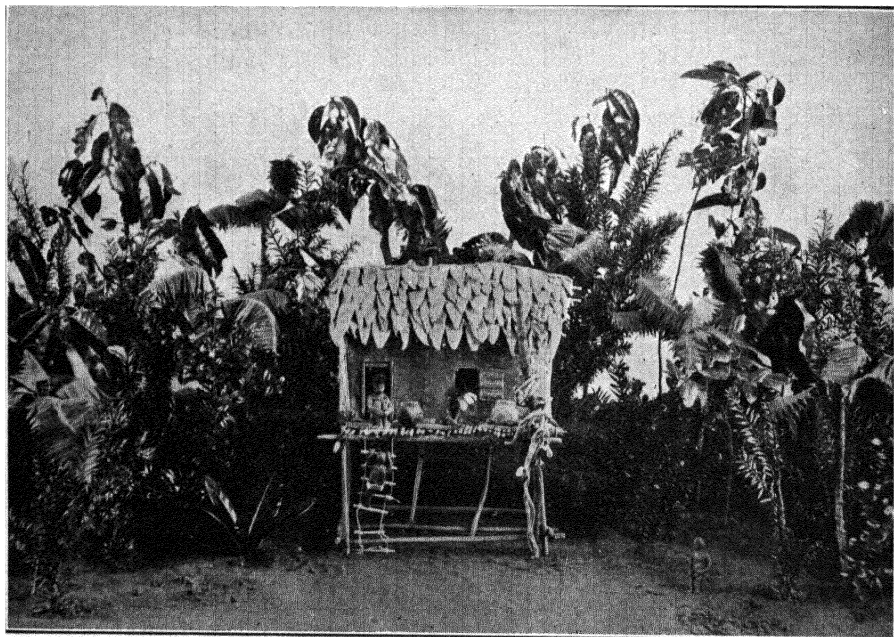
How the cocoa beans are dried and packed.

MODEL

A Hut on the West Coast of Africa

Both the cocoa tree and the palm tree like damp and heat. The cocoa tree has leaves of an oval shape like a large beech leaf. The palm tree has large ferny leaves like those in the model. The people often build their houses on stilts, high up, to keep them above the water. They have a ladder to get up and down.

(1) To make the *house*, get some twigs, or meat skewers, or short pieces of bamboo and tie them up into a framework. You can break the sticks by nicking them both sides with a knife. (2) In the real house the *walls* are made of the bark of the palm tree. You can imitate this by filling in the walls with pieces of woven raffia. Another way is to cut pieces of card to fit, and then colour them, either by paints, or by gumming them and dusting sand on them and leaving them to dry. Or, of course, the sides can be of thin plasticine. (3) The *ladder* is a rope ladder, made of thin string and matches. (4) The *platform* is covered with split



sticks. It has a screen made of raffia to protect it at the end. (5) The *roof* is covered with leaves of plasticine or of green paper.

(6) The *man and woman* are made of plasticine, with hair made out of a piece of wool pulled out loose. The old mother in the doorway does not seem to want to show herself. Clothes are hanging out of a window, and on the platform are bananas, a pot or two, and a mat with cocoa beans drying on it.

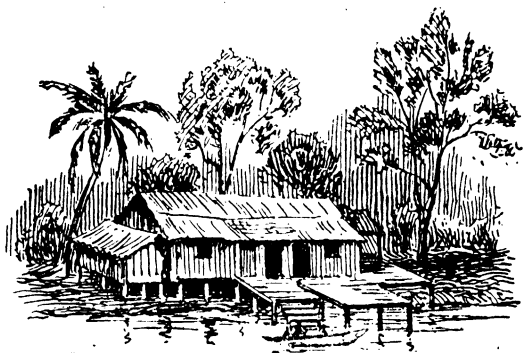
(7) The *trees* are made of rolls of brown paper, with green paper palm leaves stuck on. The sand in which the model is set should be wetted so that it looks marshy.

X. PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON

§ 1

A TINY humming-bird flitted from twig to twig. A huge fish turned over in the water. The sudden screeching of some gaily-plumaged parrots, annoyed by a passing band of chattering monkeys, rose above the murmur of the forest.

Pedro, a dark-skinned figure, stood by the greenish-yellow waters of the broad river. He drew out his knife and ran his fingers along the edge. Then he took a

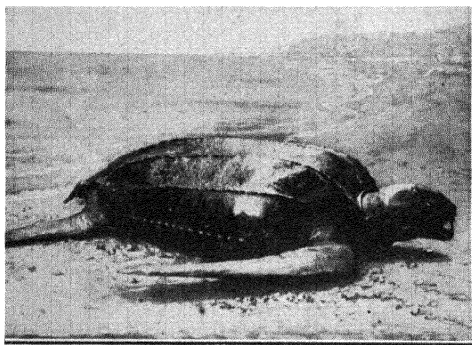


pace forward, and made a short slanting cut in the bark of the tree beside which he had been standing.

Soon from the newly-made cut a milky fluid poured out. It ran down a larger upright cut into a small tin basin which Pedro had placed at the foot of the tree.

This fluid, or *latex* as it is called, is the juice

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON



(Photograph by James's Press Agency.)

A TURTLE

of a rubber tree. Pedro was a rubber collector.

It was still early morning, and the tree which he had just cut was the first one that he had tapped that day.

He moved swiftly from one tree to another,

making fresh cuts in the bark of each and placing his little tins at the base of the long upright cuts.

Some of the trees from which he got the juice were close together. In other cases he walked quite a long distance before he reached the next tree.

He visits nearly one hundred and fifty trees during his four-mile round, which is so planned that it brings him back to his hut from which he started over two hours before.

Pedro now takes a large pail and starts off once again, for he is going to collect the latex from the little tins. He arrives back at about nine o'clock, with his pail full of the white milky fluid.

There is still, however, a great deal for him to do.

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON

Before he starts to prepare the rubber, he sits down in his hut and has his breakfast. Dried salt meat and rice are followed by a dish of turtle's eggs. Pedro is extremely fond of these eggs. Fortunately for him, there are many millions of turtles along the banks of the *Amazon* and of other streams that flow into this mighty river.

§ 2. *Preparing the Rubber*

Pedro stirs up his fire and then places a kind of funnel over it so as to form a chimney. He now throws some palmetto nuts on the fire, and as soon as he does this, dense clouds of smoke pour through the top of the funnel.

He then takes a broad paddle, about six feet long, and dips it into the pail of latex. Holding the end of the paddle in the thick smoke, he turns it round and



[Photograph by courtesy of the Booth Steamship Co., Ltd.]
TROPICAL FOREST ON THE AMAZON

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON round until a thin layer of rubber is formed on the paddle.

He does this again and again until at last the layers of rubber have formed a ball. When this ball becomes too heavy to hold, it is removed from the paddle and a stick is thrust through it. This stick is supported by two forked branches which have been driven into the ground on either side of the fire.

Pedro now pours more latex on the rubber ball, which he keeps on turning round and round in the smoke. When the ball is about the size of a ham, it is taken off the stick, and Pedro puts it on one side until he is ready to take it downstream to the store.

§ 3. *A Journey Down-stream*

Early one morning Pedro takes his dug-out canoe. He loads it with his supply of rubber and sets off down the river.

It is a two days' journey, but Pedro is a skilful boatman. What mighty trees line the marshy banks of the stream!

There are not many animals in these thick forests, for the trees grow too closely together.



[Photograph by courtesy of the Booth Steamship Co., Ltd.]

NATIVE BOAT ON THE AMAZON

A snake glides away into the undergrowth as it hears the splash of Pedro's paddle. A yellowish-grey alligator, basking on a mud bank, slowly opens its fierce-looking jaws and shuts them with a snap as Pedro passes. A mighty fish darts in and out of the weeds, and then disappears under the big waterlilies, whose leaves measure almost two feet across.

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON

There is no one to be seen. Yet Pedro knows that lurking in the forests are brown-skinned people who are perhaps watching his every movement.

He paddles on.

At the sudden fall of night, Pedro arrives at the settlement of one of the less savage native tribes. A large wooden house, raised above the damp marshy ground, serves as the home for the whole of this tribe. The men are skilful hunters and fishers, and the women cultivate small patches of ground near the house. Here they grow bananas and palms.

For supper Pedro is given some roast monkey flesh, bananas and turtle eggs.

Early next morning he starts off once more. It is late in the afternoon when he arrives at the store. It stands in a clearing at a place where three streams meet.

He hauls up his canoe on the beach in front of the store, and then hands his rubber over to the trader. He has brought rather more than usual, and so he is able to buy one or two extra things that he specially wants.

After a good deal of bargaining with the

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON

In the factories of this busy river-port, the rubber is squeezed and pressed between rollers. It undergoes very many other changes until, at last, it is turned into sheets of rubber, about a quarter of an inch thick.

It is from these sheets that such things as rubber shoes, tyres, tubing and many other articles are made.

Manaos lies some nine hundred miles up the river Amazon. Yet ocean-going steamers can steam right up the river to this great port in the heart of the tropical forests.



THE AMAZON AT MANAOS

PEDRO, THE RUBBER COLLECTOR OF THE AMAZON

EXERCISES

Find the Amazon on the Map of the World.

Write and Learn—

South America. Amazon. Manaos.

Rubber. Latex or juice. Store.

Tell—

Some of the things that are made from rubber.

How Pedro got the latex or juice.

How Pedro prepared the rubber for the trader.

About Pedro's journey down the Amazon.

What the trader does with the rubber.

MODEL

The Land of Rubber Trees

This is the home of Pedro the rubber collector, who lives on the banks of the great river Amazon. He is in his hut, busily engaged in smoking the rubber, which he has been into the forests to collect. (1) His *hut* is made of a framework of bamboo, thatched with large leaves made of plasticine. It gives him shelter from the sun and from the heavy rains. (2) You know how to make the *trees* of brown and green paper. (3) The *canoe* should be "dug out" of a piece of wood. In that country they burn out much of the wood in the middle, and cut away the rest. (4) *Pedro* is made of brown plasticine, and his two buckets and bowl are of grey plasticine. Over his fire is a



little tin *chimney*, which can be made of silver paper.
(5) Then two forked sticks carry the long smoking stick, on which is his ball of *rubber* (grey plasticine).

Pedro has just dipped his little basin into the juice or latex which he got from the rubber tree, and he is now pouring it over the ball to dry it. The ball steadily grows larger. He has finished two other balls of rubber. They must be worth a lot. Perhaps when he has sold them he will be able to buy a new blanket.

XI. CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

§ 1

IT was dusk.

Wu Feng and his eldest son Chu, a boy of fourteen years of age, walked along the bank of the canal towards the little village in which they lived. The canal led to the mighty *Yangtse* river, and the village itself was only a few miles from the great city of *Hankow*.



Both father and son had been working in the fields since daybreak. Though Chu, like all Chinese boys, was used to hard work, yet he was rather tired. He felt that he would be glad to get home and have a night's rest.

It had been a busy day. The little patch in the corner of the largest field had been prepared for the sowing of the rice seed. Mud from the canal, which flowed along one side of the field, had been well mixed with manure until the whole bed was about as thick as porridge. Then in this muddy patch the rice had been sown.

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

Wu Feng owned only three or four fields. But so hard did he and his family work that this little farm, of less than two acres, was able to support a family of six persons.

§ 2. *The Little Home*

Soon Wu Feng and Chu reached their little house. The three rooms of the house, a kitchen and two rooms for sleeping, were built around a tiny mud-walled courtyard.

Wu, followed by his son, crossed the yard and entered the simple kitchen. There were no rugs or mats upon the floor. The only furniture consisted of a table and some rough wooden seats.

On the table stood a bowl of hot steaming rice and a dish of vegetables. The two soon sat down, and taking their chop-sticks, began to eat their evening meal.

The whole family lived chiefly upon rice and vegetables. There was rarely any meat except at the great festival of the Chinese New Year. Then, as a special treat, there was usually a dish of pork.

In one corner of the room sat Chu's tiny

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

sister. She was scarcely three years old, and yet she was busy feeding the youngest baby boy, who was only a few months old. When he was born,



[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]

EATING WITH CHOP-STICKS

a piece of ginger had been hung up outside the door, to drive away the evil spirits, and to ward off the spells of any people who might wish to do him harm.

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

Some hens were roosting in the corner by the stove. Just as Wu and Chu were finishing their rice, their big black sow waddled grunting through the doorway.

She almost knocked over the wooden mortar in which Chu's mother was pounding rice in order to remove the seed from the husks. She had almost finished, however, and she, like Chu, felt very tired and would not be sorry when she was able to go to bed.

§ 3. *Out in the Rice-field*

In a few days the little plot in the corner of the field had turned to a beautiful green, for the little rice seedlings had by this time peeped above the ground. It would, however, be some weeks before they were ready to be planted out in the big fields.

Around each field was a little bank. Rice needs a great deal of water, and this bank would prevent the water from running away.

In Wu Feng's field the water was raised from the canal through a long trough. One end of this

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

trough rested on top of the bank, and the other ran into the water. In the trough a series of boards, attached to an endless chain, were made to move upward and so bring the water with them.

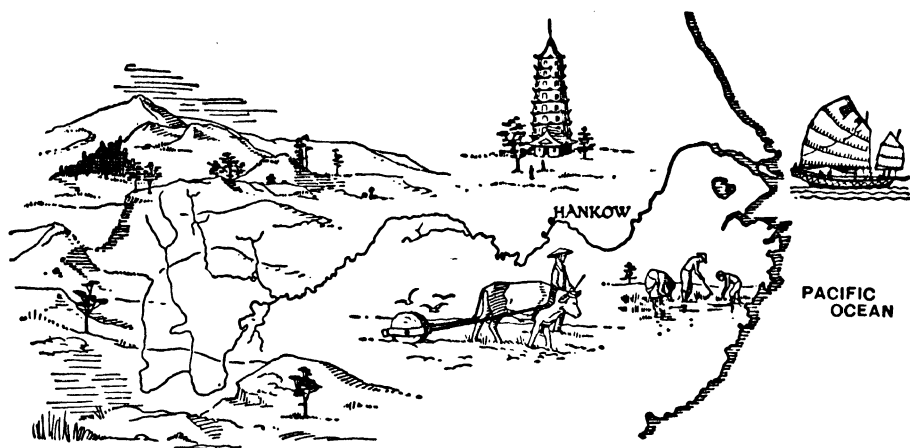
The chain was worked by a treadmill at the top of the bank.

While the rice was growing rapidly in the seed bed, the fields were being ploughed and flooded. Then they were manured, and the manure and the mud were again mixed well together. Then the field was once more ploughed up with the wooden plough drawn by a buffalo.

In about a month the rice plants were nearly twelve inches high, and they were ready to be planted out in the fields. The work of removing the plants from the seed bed required great care, but Wu's mother was very clever at doing this.

She would take about a hundred plants at a time, and holding them round the middle she would pull them from the bed. She then shook them to remove the mud, and after this she tied them up in a bundle.

While she prepared the bundles in this way,



THE YANGTZE KIANG

Wu Feng and the rest of the family planted out the rice.

How funny they look in their big round sunhats as they wade in the mud!

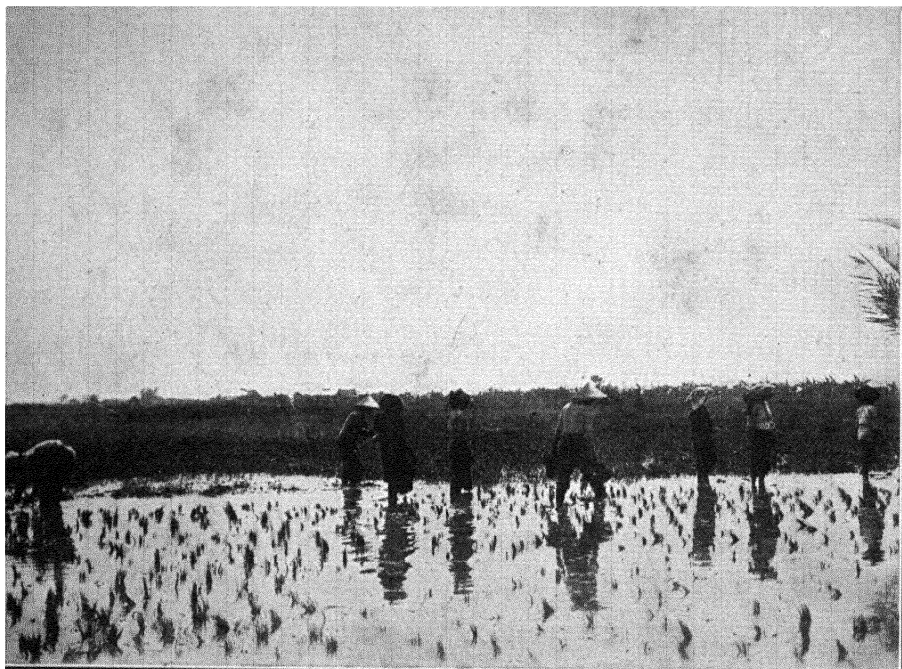
Chu is holding a bundle of plants in his hand. Making a fairly deep hole in the mud, he thrusts in three or four plants at a time. Then he presses them down firmly, and moving backward, he repeats the process.

Even when the rice has all been planted out there will be plenty of work to do, for the fields must be kept flooded and must be constantly hoed and weeded.

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

§ 4. *Harvest Time*

The rice grows very quickly indeed, and the harvest time soon comes round. Wu Feng grows



IN THE RICE-FIELDS

[*Photograph by James's Press Agency.*]

two crops of rice each year, as well as some cotton and his little patch of tea away up on the hillside above the rice-fields. There are also some mulberry trees, and on their leaves the silkworms are fed.

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

At last the yellow fields of rice are ready for cutting.

The water is allowed to drain off. Wu Feng and Chu, each with a sickle in his hand, cut down the tall yellow grain. The rest of the family tie up the rice in bundles, and stack it on bamboo poles in order that it may dry.

Every little piece of straw is gathered from the field, for it is needed for fuel. There are few trees in China. So everything that can possibly be used for firing, and is not needed for something else, is kept most carefully.

After the rice has been dried, it is taken to the threshing ground of the village.

Here comes Wu Feng, pushing a wheelbarrow laden with rice, and there is his wife, bent almost double under the weight of the long basket of rice tied to her back. Chu too has a long pole slung over his shoulder, and from each end of it hang two huge bundles of rice. Even the little girl carries her share as well.

When the village is reached, the rice is placed on the threshing floor. Here it is beaten out by means of flails. These are long flat pieces of

CHU OF THE CHINESE RICE-FIELDS

wood, fastened to a wooden handle by means of a thong.

How busy everyone is! And what a dust there is as they swing their flails in the air and bring them down with a big whack upon the rice!

EXERCISES

Write and Learn—

China. Yangtse-kiang.

Rice. Vegetables. Chop-sticks.

Tell—

How the rice was planted out in the field.

How the rice was harvested.

Say—

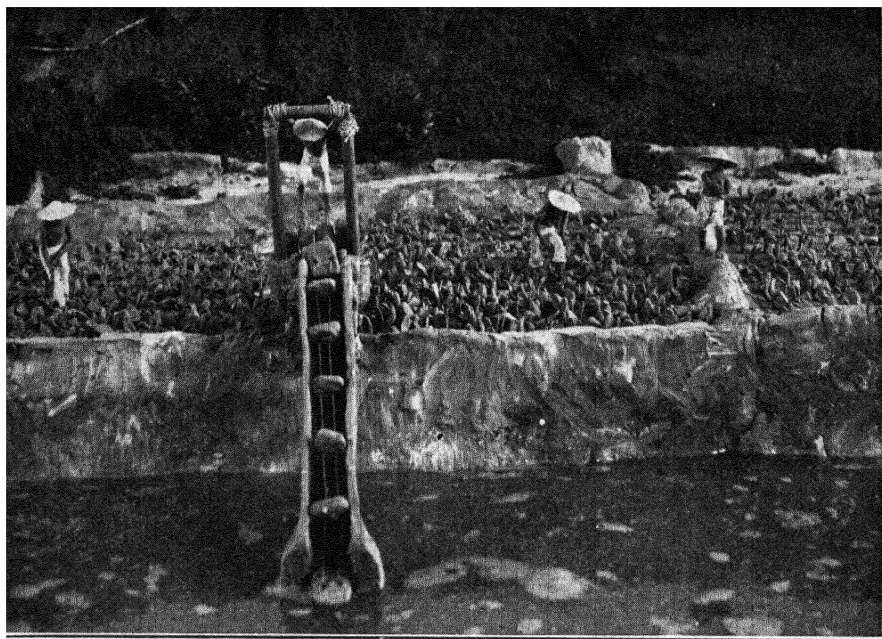
How would you like to live in China?

MODEL

China

This model shows the rice-fields, with the Chinese men working in them. Most of the year, the river water is too low for the rice, so it has to be lifted up. Some sort of a machine is used for this.

(1) First you had better make the river and rice-fields. The steep *river bank* can be made of a piece of wood, smeared with plasticine to make it look like clay. (2) The *rice-fields* are square, and they are separated by walls of earth. They have little gullies along them to spread the water. (3) The




rice can be small tufts of grass. Young rice looks much like grass. (4) The *river water* can be silver paper. (5) The Chinese men have yellow shorts, and big white hats to keep the sun off them.

(6) The *water lifter* is made from three flat pieces of wood fixed from the river to the rice-field. In between run two chains carrying flat buckets. The chains and buckets go under the bottom and round up the back again, so there is no end to the chains. There is a framework at the top where the man stands. By a sort of treadmill, worked by his feet, he makes the buckets come up the front of the boards and empty their water into the gully.

XII. UNCLE BOB VISITS ENGLAND

§ 1

“MY farm is as large as the Isle of Wight,” said Uncle Bob.

Geoff gave Bill a nudge. Bill winked back. Both boys knew something of the Isle of Wight, for each summer they went to a scout camp there, and once or twice they had gone by
 charabanc for the eighty-mile drive around it.

“Yes, my sheep farm, or ‘run,’ as we call it in New South Wales, really is as big as the Island. What is more, I have to ride forty miles to visit my nearest neighbour, and to drive over a hundred miles to the nearest railway station.

“I had been out in Australia for three years before I looked round for a farm of my own. You boys, I know, do a good deal of camping. Tell me, what’s the first thing you look for when fixing on a camp site?”

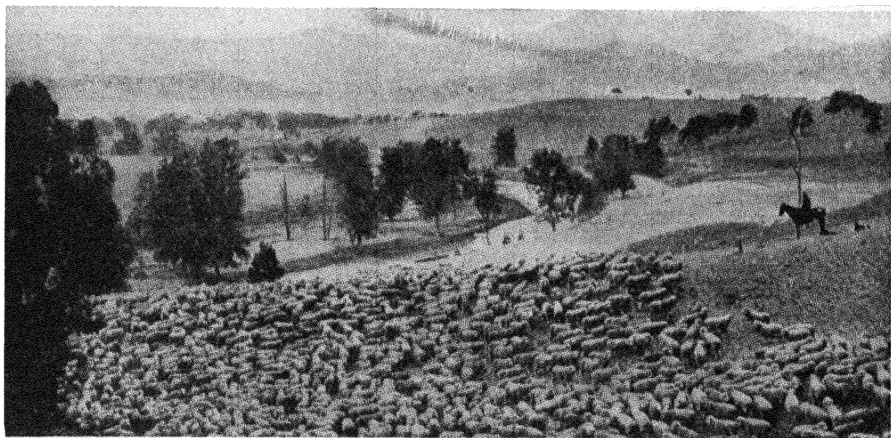
“Water,” replied both the boys together.

“Exactly,” said their uncle. “And that was the first thing that I looked for. I couldn’t afford

UNCLE BOB VISITS ENGLAND

to buy a fully stocked and settled farm. But I was lucky enough to get hold of a run which had already had some wells bored on it, though not much else had been done.

“The next thing that my partner and I did was



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for Australia.]

PART OF AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP FARM

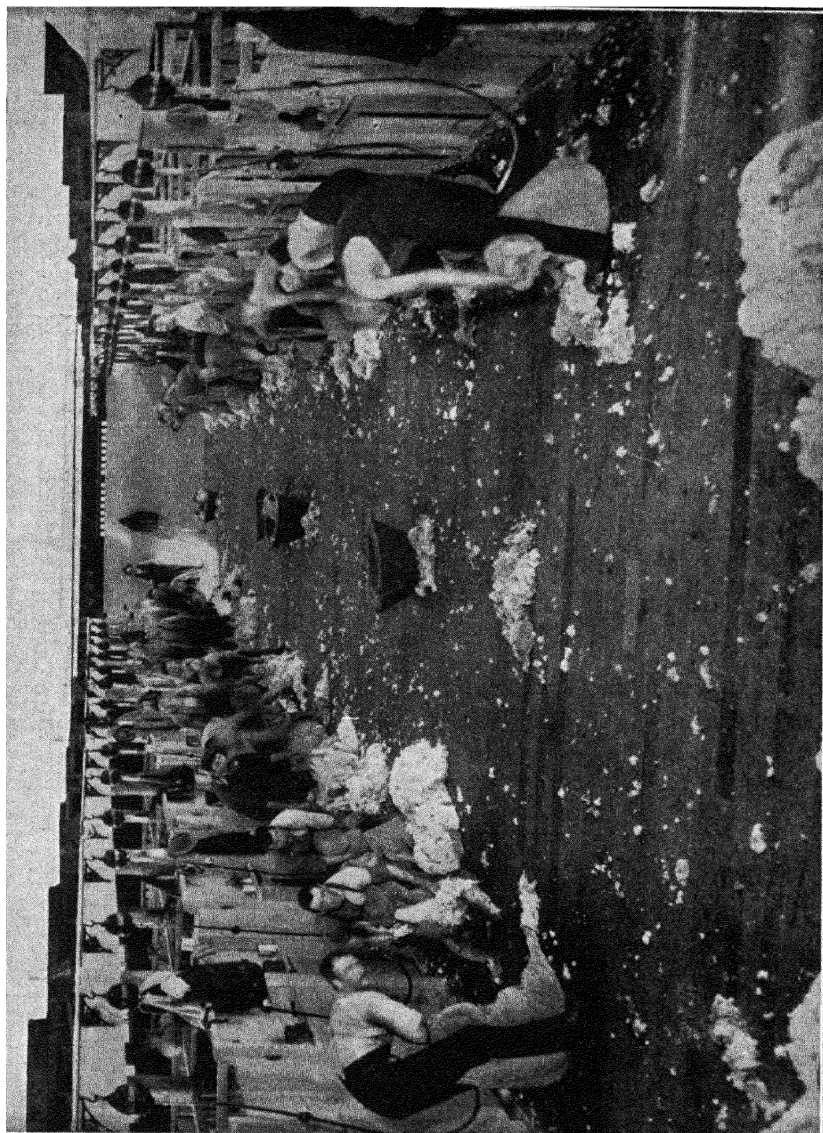
to put up a rough sort of house, and when this had been done we set about the job of putting a fence right round the run. We also cut down a good deal of timber. This was necessary because most of Australia is very dry, and if the trees had been left they would have sucked too much moisture out of the soil.

UNCLE BOB VISITS ENGLAND

“The climate is a delightful one. It is bright and sunny, and the winters are so mild that the sheep and cattle can remain out of doors all the year round. But there is one drawback, and that is lack of rain. So it is very needful to be careful over the water supply.

“In about three years’ time we had got some fine flocks of sheep, and a good house and farm buildings. We had also made a fruit and vegetable garden near the house. Beyond this one or two small fields had been ploughed up, for wheat, potatoes and oats. We had also bought a few cows to supply us with milk and butter. The run had been fenced off into large fields or, as we say in Australia, paddocks. Many of these were as large as an English farm.

“One of the chief jobs of an Australian shepherd is to ride round the runs to see that the fences are in good order. We call these men ‘boundary riders.’ The fences are made of special rabbit-proof fencing. These fences are needed to keep the sheep in the paddocks and also to keep the rabbits outside. Rabbits were brought to Australia by some of the early settlers, and they



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for Australia.]

SHEARING SHEEP BY MACHINERY

UNCLE BOB VISITS ENGLAND

increased so rapidly that they are now a national danger.

“I have told you that the grass is not, as a rule, very thick owing to the scarcity of rain. If the rabbits got into the paddocks, they would eat it all up and there would be none left for the sheep. Some of the paddocks are usually left empty for a time in order to allow the grass to grow. When the sheep have eaten up all the grass in one paddock, they can then be driven to another one, where the grass is in better condition.

§ 2. *Springtime on the Sheep Run*

“Spring is the busiest time of the year on a sheep run, for at this season the sheep are sheared. The men who do the shearing usually move from one farm to another. The sheep are driven into pens, and are then pushed through the shearing sheds as required. The shearer takes the sheep between his legs and by the aid of big clippers, worked by machines, he cuts off the woolly fleece.

“Along come other men, who collect the fleeces and take them to long tables where they



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for Australia.]

BULLOCK WAGGON CARRYING WOOL

are sorted out. After this the wool is pressed into big bales. These bales are then loaded on to waggons. On my run I still use teams of horses and bullocks to draw the waggons to the railway. But this means a very long trek, and as soon as we can improve the roads, I shall probably use motor lorries instead of animals.

“Wool sales are held in such big towns as

UNCLE BOB VISITS ENGLAND

Sydney and Melbourne. To them come buyers from all parts of the world. The flesh of the sheep is frozen, and is sent to England and other countries as frozen mutton.

“When the early settlers first went to Australia, they did not find any sheep, horses, pigs or similar animals, but only such curious creatures as the kangaroo and the duckbill. But soon they found out that sheep would thrive in the dry sunny climate of their new homeland. To-day, sheep farming is the chief occupation in Australia. More wool, in fact, comes from Australia than from any other part of the world.”

EXERCISES

Find Australia on your Map of the World.

Try to get some raw wool.

Collect some pictures of Australia.

Write and Learn—

Australia. New South Wales. Sydney. Melbourne.

Sheep. Cattle. Boundary rider.

Shearing. Clippers. Fleece.

Tell—

What you know of Uncle Bob's farm in Australia.

How the sheep were sheared.

XIII. A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARM

§ 1

HALF hidden by the trees stands a long wooden house of one storey. Along the front and down one of the sides runs a broad veranda. In front of the house lies a large garden, and an orchard which contains some fine apple, apricot, pear and peach trees. On the opposite side of the house are the farm buildings. Beyond them stretch some large sheltered meadows whose rich grass is dotted, here and there, with trees and small clumps of bushes. Across these meadows runs a broad stream which in places broadens out into little pools.



This farm, in the North Island of New Zealand, is the home of Ronald Worsley and his sister Ethel. Ronald, a sturdy, fair-haired boy of sixteen, is some three years older than his brown-haired sister. We can see from their tanned faces and arms that they lead an out-of-door life. In fact they spend most of the day in the clear sunny air. Both Ronald and his sister have been able to ride since they were tiny tots, and each of them has a pony.

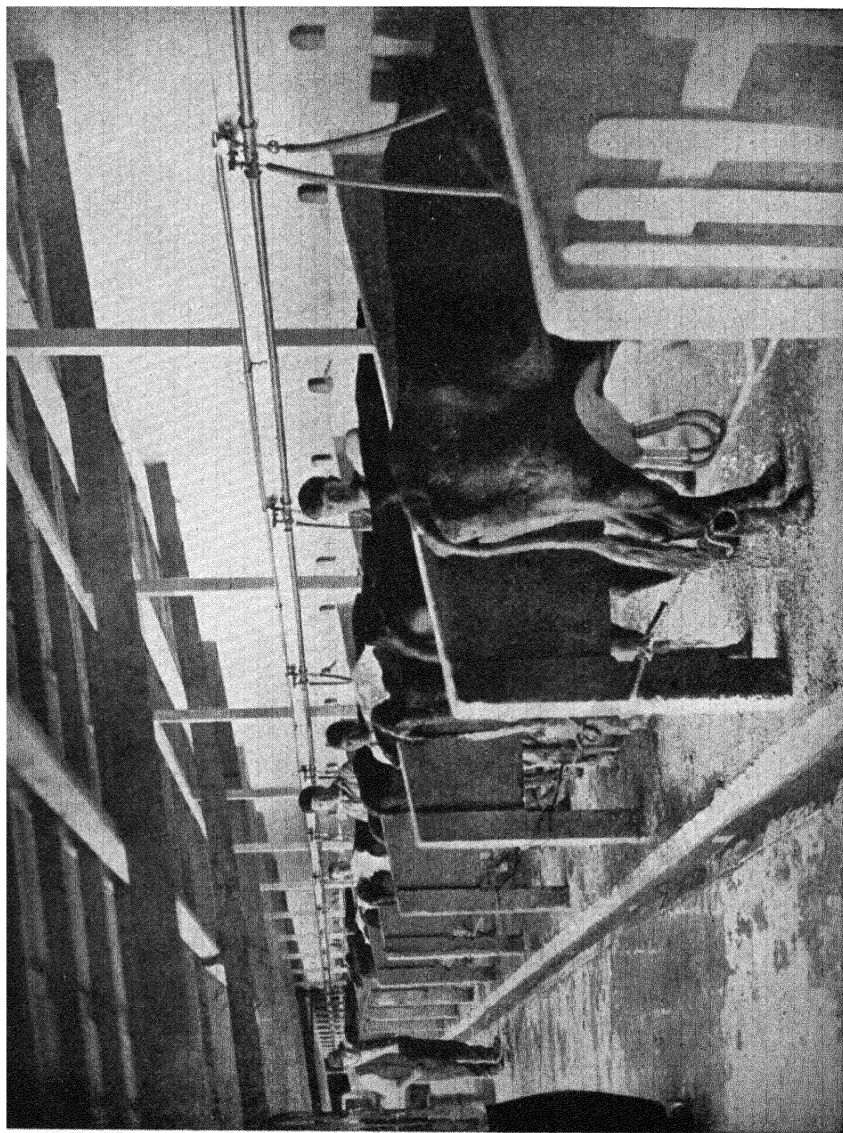
A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARM

§ 2. *A Day on the Farm*

Breakfast is over, and Ethel goes with her mother to help feed the fowls and to collect the eggs. The runs are in the field beyond the orchard. How the fowls and chickens run, and how they cluck when they see their breakfast arriving! Look at that little calf which is bounding across the field. Its mother died when it was born, and it has been brought up by Ethel. No wonder that it will follow her wherever she goes.

Meanwhile Ronald has gone to help his father and some of the men to milk the cows. They are just being driven into the shed. How clean everything is! Some of the men have started milking. They are doing this very quickly, for they are using *milking machines*, which save a great deal of time.

When the milking is finished the milk is placed in a *separator*, which separates the cream and leaves the skim or separated milk behind. Mrs. Worsley takes some of the skim-milk to feed some of the young calves, and the rest is used for fattening the pigs which are reared on the farm.



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand,

MILKING SHED ON A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARM

A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARM

The churns which contain the cream are placed on a large motor lorry. Ronald jumps up beside his father, so that he will be able to lend a hand at the factory where the cream is made into butter. Most of this butter is sent from the factory to Auckland. At this port it is placed in a cooling room, and later it is sent on board a steamer, where it is again put in cold storage ready for a long sea voyage.

After the cream had been unloaded Mr. Worsley and Ronald returned home. It was Friday. After his midday dinner, Ronald began to get his kit ready, for he was going away with three friends for a week-end camp up in the hills, where he expected to have a very jolly time fishing, bathing and shooting.

Mr. Worsley believes in the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So, provided that the work is done, he is always ready to let Ronald go out for these jolly camping parties.



[Photograph by courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand.]

PART OF A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY HERD

EXERCISES

Find New Zealand on your Map of the World.

Write and learn—

New Zealand. North Island. Auckland. South Island.
Cattle. Milk. Cheese. Butter. Bacon.
Milking by machines.

*Tell—*What you know about the life on the farm.

What animals were kept on the farm.

One sea way by which you could travel to New Zealand.

XIV. ABOUT ANIMALS

§ 1. *Some Animals of Our Homeland*

WHEN you have walked beside some quiet stream, have you ever seen a *heron* wading in the waters near the rushes which line the bank?



HERON

Suddenly it stops and stands perfectly still. Then it thrusts its long neck forward into the water, for it has spied a fish swimming along through the green weeds. The long legs of the heron are suitable for wading, and its long neck allows it to reach down into the water.

What a fine swimmer the *duck* is! Its feet are webbed, and they are also set rather far back. Both of these facts are a great help to this bird as it travels through the water.

Perhaps you have watched a *hawk* chasing some smaller bird. Sometimes if the bird

ABOUT ANIMALS

can reach the shelter of the trees or the grasses it may escape, for its feathers will blend with the leaves and the grasses.

The hawk has a strong beak and sharp claws with which it can seize its prey and tear it to pieces. Its beak is very different from that of the pigeon, which is small and weak, but which is quite suitable for picking up the seeds that form its chief food.

Have you ever observed a *hedgehog* scurrying across a field? Its body is covered with prickly spines, and when it is in danger of being attacked it rolls itself into a ball, and its enemies, such as Master Fox, find it difficult to attack. But the fox is cunning. He uses his brain to get the better of the hedgehog. He rolls it along to some stream or pool. Then, as the hedgehog opens itself out in order to escape from drowning, he seizes it, and that is the end of poor hedgehog!

How pretty the *squirrel* looks as he darts across some woodland path!



FOXES

ABOUT ANIMALS

How quaint he seems as he sits up and holds a nut in his fore-paws! These fore-paws have sharp claws, which are very useful to him when he wishes



SQUIRREL

to swarm up the trunk of a tree at the least sign of danger.

Legs, feet, beaks, mouths, prickly coat and claws all serve some useful purpose. They either help the animal to get its food

or they serve as a means of protection against its foes.

This is not only true of the animals in our own land, but it is also true of those animals whose homes are in other parts of the world.

§ 2. *Animals of the Hot Lands*

In the forests of the hot lands the trees grow very closely together, and there is, therefore, very little room to move about.

So most of the animals that have their homes in these very hot forests either, like the *monkeys*,

ABOUT ANIMALS

live up in the trees, or they make their home in or by the rivers. The river Amazon is the home of countless *alligators*, which wallow in the yellow waters or sun themselves on the muddy banks. The trees above are the home of gaily feathered *parrots*, brightly coloured *macaws*, and beautiful little *humming birds*.

The beak of the parrot is so made that it is able to grind the nuts on which it feeds almost into powder before it eats them. The humming bird is able to push its long slender beak far into the wonderful flowers that grow in the forests.

In the jungles of Asia the trees are not so close together as they are in the forests of the Amazon or of the Congo. The Indian jungle is the chief home of the *tiger*. What a fierce animal the tiger is! He has a black-and-orange-striped coat and glaring green eyes.



TIGER

In the hot grasslands and the woodlands, which lie on either side of the hot forests, there is more room, and so there are more animals there. These lands are the home of

ABOUT ANIMALS

the *lion*, the *elephant*, the *leopard*, the *giraffe*, the *zebra* and the *ostrich*.

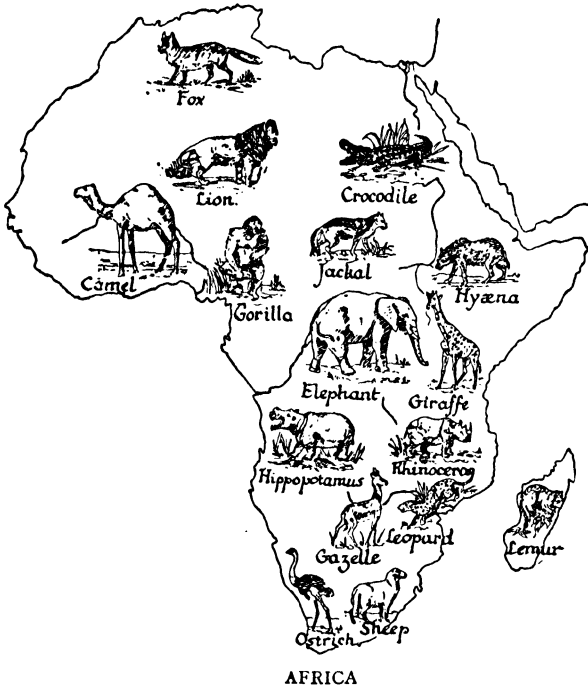
The long neck of the giraffe enables it to reach near to the top of the trees for the tender

shoots of which it is very fond. Its striped coat, like that of the zebra, helps it to hide from its enemies, the *hyenas* and the *jackals*.

The African *elephant* is much bigger than his brother in Asia. The wild elephants live in

herds near the woodland streams. Here too live the *rhinoceros* and the *hippopotamus*.

The *ant-eater* of South America has very sharp claws with which it can tear open the nests of the big ants. When it has done this, it thrusts



ABOUT ANIMALS

its long tongue right into the midst of the crowds of ants, and as it draws it back the ants stick to it.

The *armadillo* is another queer animal that lives in South America. It too is very fond of insects. This animal is covered with a kind of bony armour. This protects it from such animals as the fierce *jaguar*, which is rather like the tiger and the leopard.

The animals that live in the hot deserts must either be able to move quickly, like the *gazelle*, or they must, like the *camel*, be able if necessary to go for a long time without either food or water.

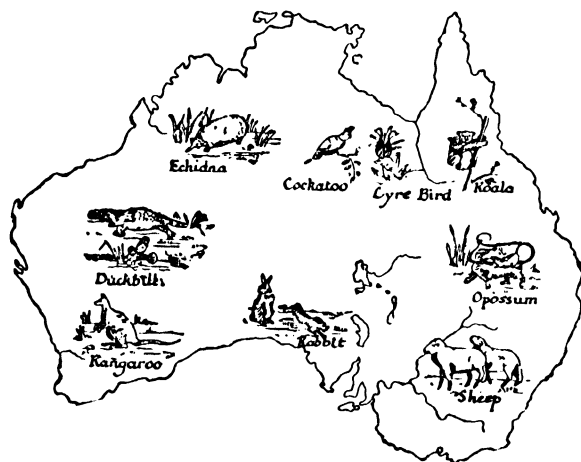
The camel stores food in his hump, and water in little cells in his stomach. He can open his nostrils wide, but he can also close them during the terrible sandstorms that sweep across the desert. The pads on his broad feet prevent him from sinking into the sand.

The camel is as useful to the desert folk as the reindeer is to the Lapps. The camel carries the folk and their goods, and provides milk for them to drink and flesh for them to eat. The hair

ABOUT ANIMALS

of the camel can be woven into cloth with which to make tents and clothes.

If you look at your map of the world you will see that Australia is quite separate from the rest of the land.



AUSTRALIA

Its animals are also quite different from those found in other parts of the world. Many of them, like the kangaroo, have a pouch in which they carry their young ones. The

duckbill and the *echidna* or Australian ant-eater are two other queer animals whose home is in Australia.

§ 3. *Animals of the Cooler Lands*

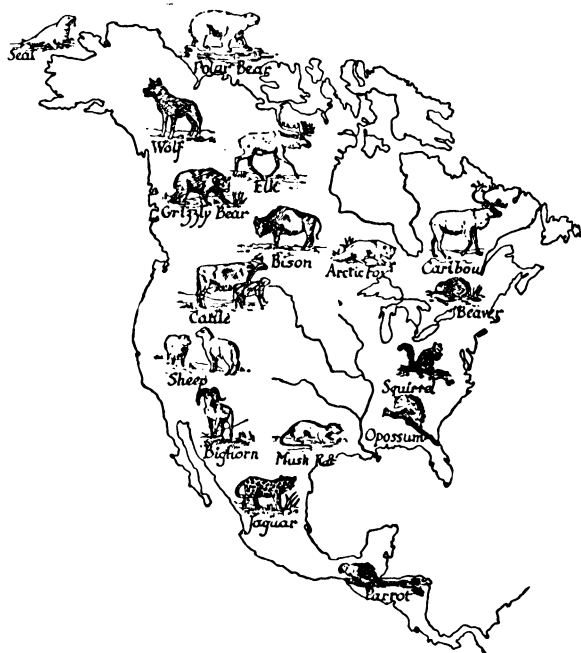
About sixty years ago, great herds of *bison* wandered over the grasslands or *prairies* of North America. Now only a few remain. Where these

ABOUT ANIMALS

animals once wandered there are now farms, on which cattle are reared or wheat and other crops are grown.

The cool grasslands or *steppes* of Asia are the home of herds of *antelopes*, droves of *horses* and flocks of *sheep*.

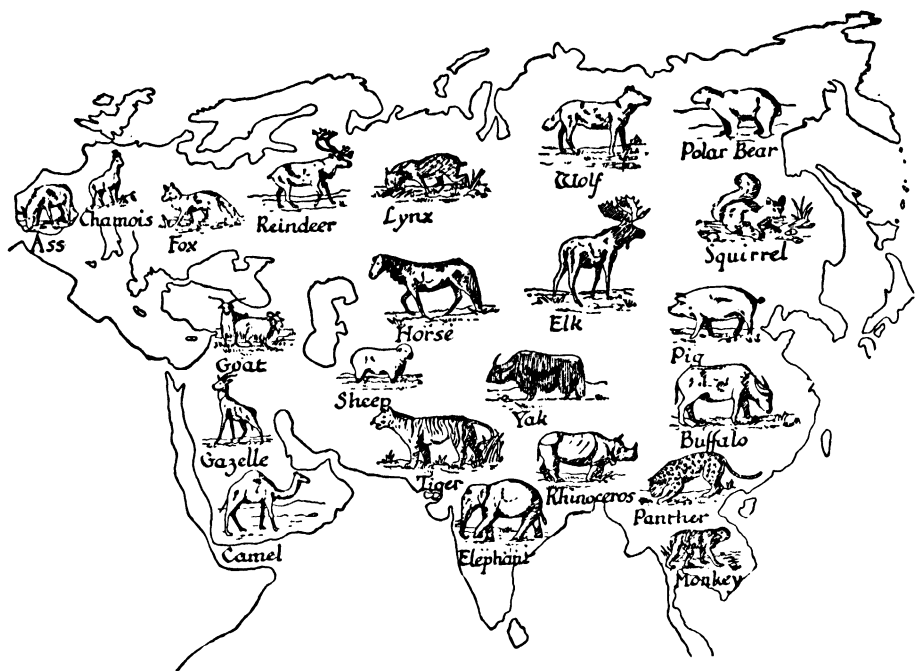
The horses and the antelopes can move swiftly from one place to another, while the sheep can live on the poor grass and go for a long time without water. There is very little rain on



NORTH AMERICA

the steppes, and during the summer the grass often becomes dried up and brown.

North of the grasslands of North America and of Asia are cold forests where pine, birch and other trees grow. These forests are the home



EURASIA (EUROPE AND ASIA)

of the *bear*, the *wolf*, the *lynx*, the *beaver* and other animals.

The sharp teeth of the beavers enable them to gnaw through the trunks of the trees. With these trunks they build their dams across the streams. Thus they have the openings to their houses or *lodges* under water, and so are protected from their foes.

Still farther north there are scarcely any trees at all. The *reindeer* lives in these cold lands. Its wide spreading hoofs help it to get a firm hold

ABOUT ANIMALS

on the marshy ground in summer and the snowy ground in winter. In the winter-time the reindeer scratches away the snow with its hoofs, so that it can reach the moss that lies beneath.

The *arctic fox* and the *polar bear*, which also have their home in these regions, have white coats that blend with the winter snow. The polar bear hunts the *seal* and the *walrus* and also catches fish.

§ 4. *Animals that live in the Mountains*

Sheep can live on the mountain lands as well as on the dry grassy uplands. Like the goats, which are even more at home in the mountains, they have small feet and can easily obtain a foothold. There are many kinds of sheep and goats, and some of them have pads underneath their hoofs. Such pads help them to stand on the smooth sloping rocks.

In the high mountains of South America, called the Andes, live small camels known as *llamas*. They are very like ordinary camels except that they have no hump. Because they live in the mountains, their feet have become more like those of goats or of sheep than the feet of

ABOUT ANIMALS



the usual kind of camel.

The lofty mountain country of Tibet is the home of the *yak*. Its long hair is made into cloth and is woven into ropes. It provides flesh and milk, and it is the only beast of burden that can live in these very high and very cold regions.

EXERCISES

(i). Find on your map the regions named in (ii).

(ii). *Write and Learn—*

The cold frozen lands or *tundra*. The cold forests. The cool grasslands (*steppes, prairies*). The hot deserts. The hot grasslands or *savannas*. The hot forests.

(iii). *Tell—*What you know of the beaver.



